BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1941

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 23, No. 4 OCTOBER, 1941

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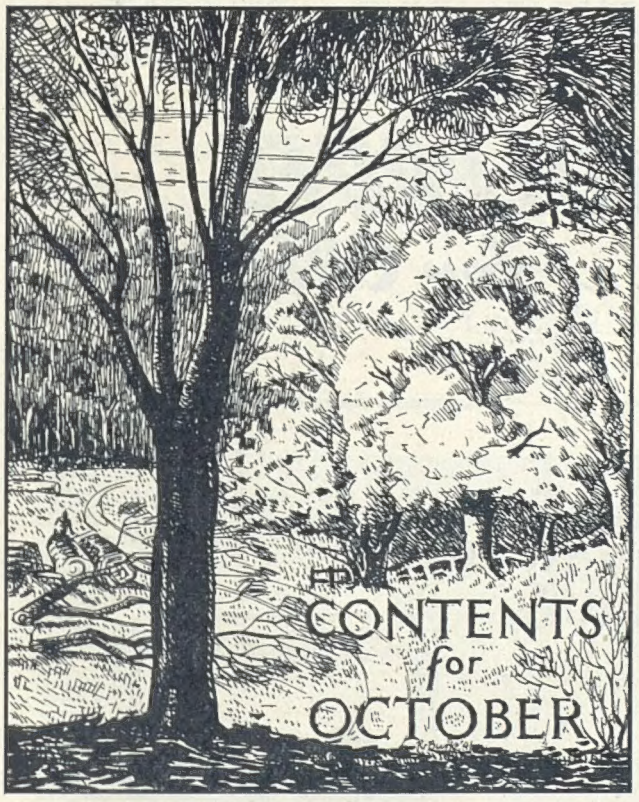

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The Inland Postage for this issue is 3½d.

Women are winning the War – of Freedom

Young ladies, in great grandmother's day did *not* wear uniforms, dungarees and slacks. They could afford to have 'off days' when domestic duties and polite pastimes were laid aside. Women today can't. The march of freedom has brought them bigger tasks—and better ways to overcome natural disabilities. Tampax—sanitary protection worn internally—solves the personal problem of women who lead the new and strenuous life of wartime.

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T.6

Let's talk about FOOD

Good housewifery calls for good husbandry; so search your gardens and fields for fruits and vegetables to store for the winter. The Ministry of Agriculture's book "Preserves from the Garden," price 4d. from your paper shop, gives many attractive recipes. Then there are the hedgerow fruits — blackberries, rose-hips, elderberries, rowanberries, crab apples. For details of simple ways of preserving these, please send a p.c. to Room 609A, Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

Store up sunlight

Sunlight, acting on bare skin, enables the body to make its own sunshine vitamin. Even bright daylight without actual sunshine, does good. So "harvest" autumn sunlight. Let the children wear their sun-suits as long as it is warm enough. Go bare-armed and bare-legged whenever you can, and store up health for the winter.

Rose-hip jam for health

Wild rose-hips are so rich in Vitamin 'C' that much is left even when they are made into the jam. Hips are the red fruits or seed pods which form when the wild rose blooms have died off. Don't confuse them with haws, which are smaller and are the fruit of the hawthorn (may). Wait until the first frost has mellowed the rose-hips. Then gather them and be sure to make the jam the same day as they lose their vitamin value if stored. Don't let the hips come into contact with any metal (pan, spoon or sieve) unless it is stainless. Allow 1¼ pts. of water to each 2 lb. of rose-hips and boil until tender. Rub through a fine sieve, to remove the seeds and hairs. To each pound of purée allow ½ lb. of sugar. Stir well until thoroughly mixed and quite smooth. Bring to the simmer carefully, cook for ten minutes and then put into the jam jars. If you can spare it, a layer of sugar put on top of the jam, when cool, helps to keep the flavour.

Berries in variety

Blackberries we all know. But have you tried elderberries or rowanberries? By themselves elderberries are perhaps a little strong for some tastes but combined with apple, they are excellent. Use 1 lb. elderberries to ½ lb. apple for stewed fruit, pies or tarts. Elderberry-and-apple jam is delicious. Rowanberry conserve is a great favourite in Scotland. It is rather like cranberry. Both elderberries and billberries can be dried and used instead of currants in cakes and puddings.

To store nuts

Nuts can be stored indefinitely; see that they are perfectly dry, pack into tins with tightly fitting lids, and bury in the ground 2 or 3 ft. deep. Hazel nuts sprinkled with salt and baked until crisp are a good substitute for salted almonds, so too are the kernels of beech nuts.

Issued by The Ministry of Food (S.20)

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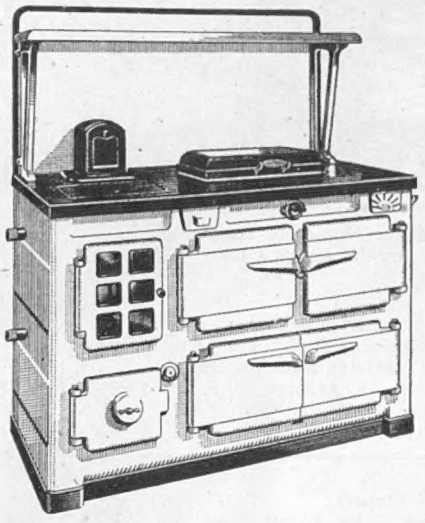

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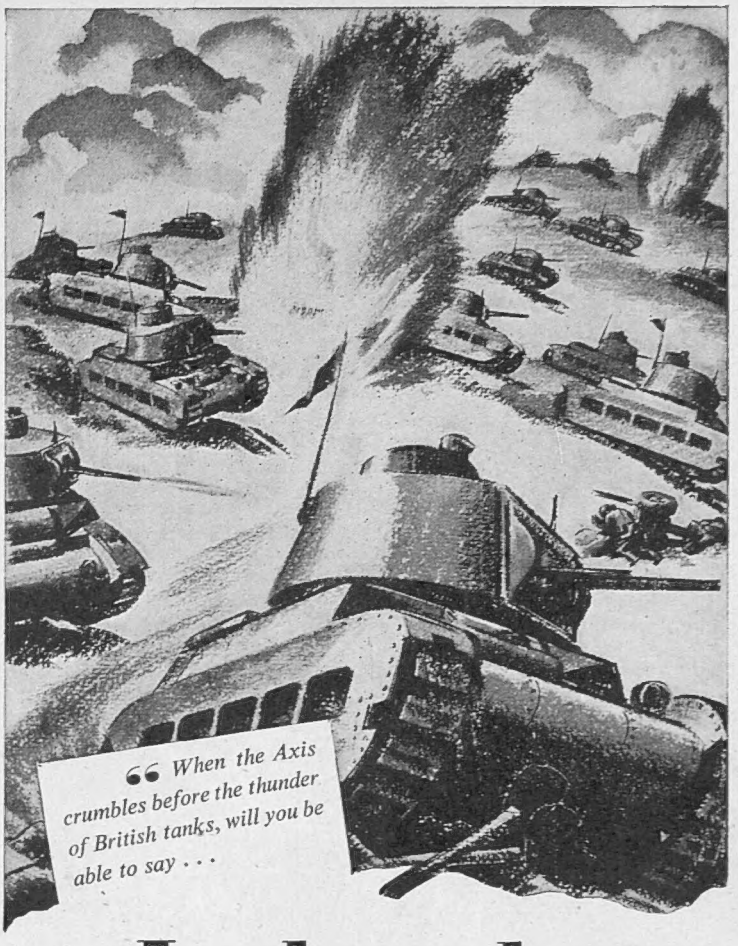

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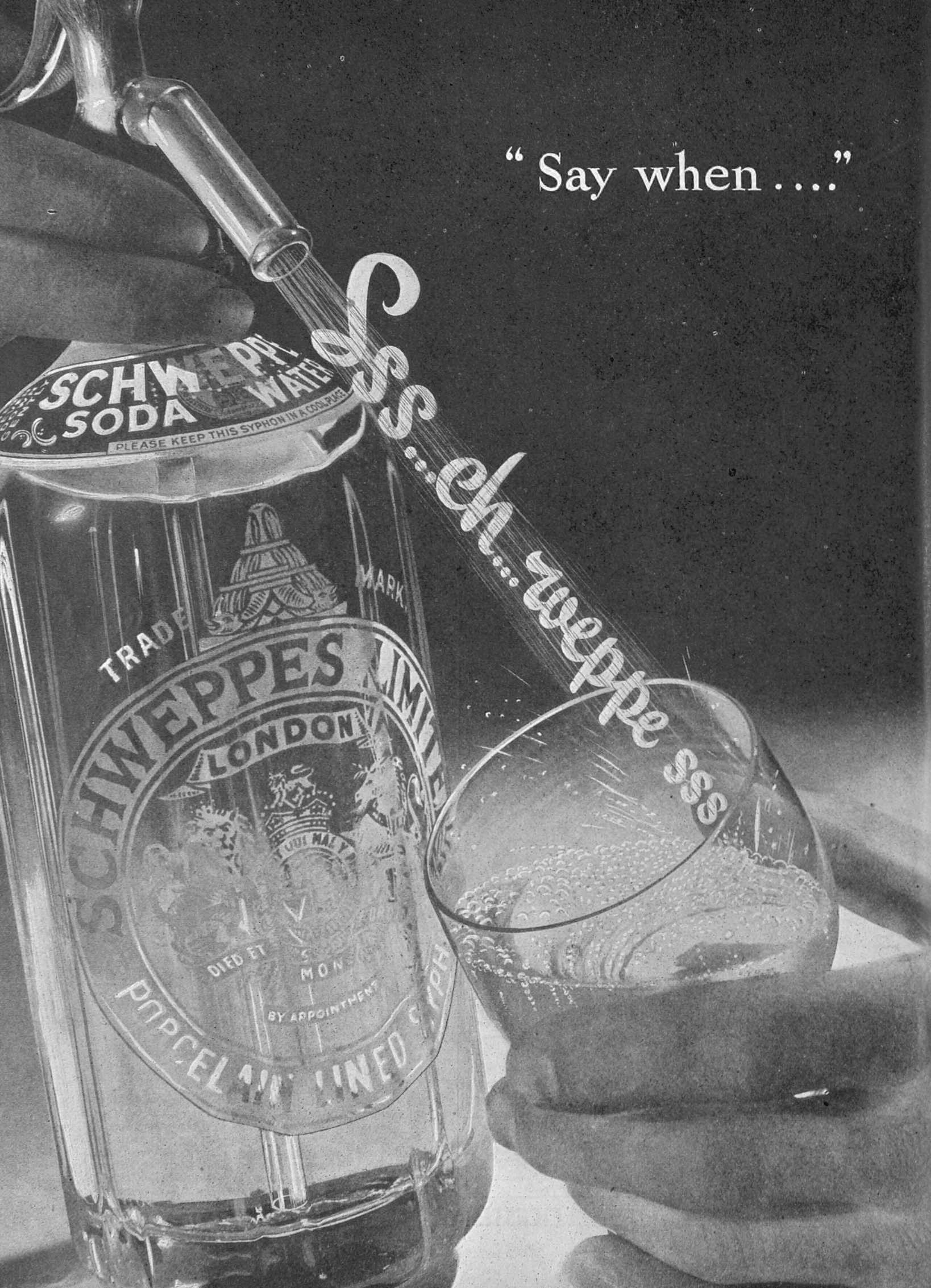
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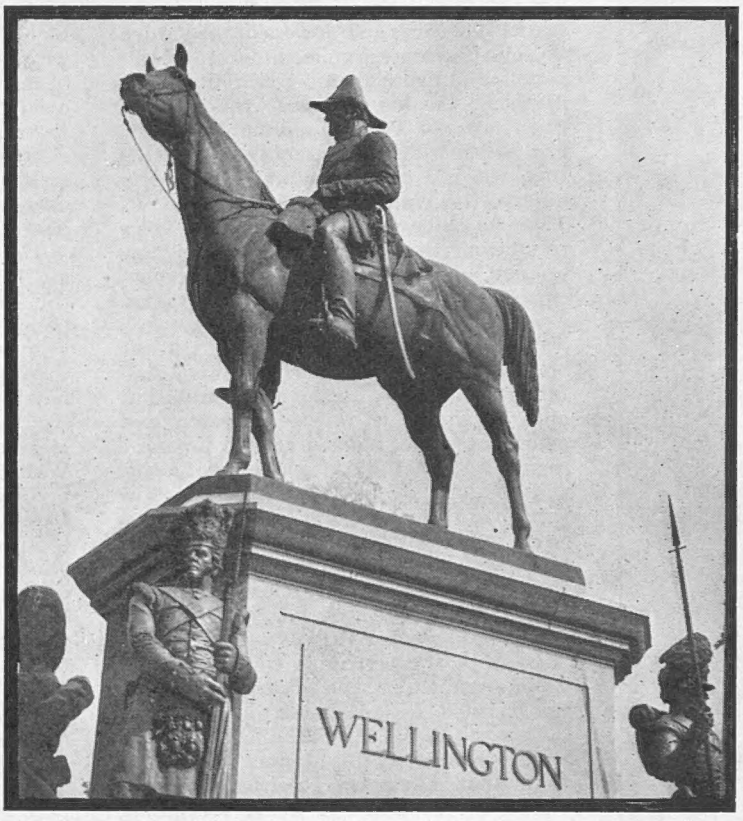
BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

No. 10

Duke of Wellington, 1769-1852

A MAN in a field-marshal's uniform stands by an English roadside taking the salute of a passing column of 1941 infantry. He is an old man; he has taken more salutes from passing soldiers than possibly any man alive. He has seen kings and emperors, his friends, pass into oblivion; empires and dynasties crumble and dissolve; for the field-marshal is Arthur, Duke of Connaught.

"My godfather," he might say, "used to declare that when he beat Napoleon at Waterloo . . ."



The statue at Hyde Park Corner, facing Apsley House, the Duke's home. Ten French cannon captured at Waterloo contributed the metal part.

So the scene changes. It is June 18 in the year 1815. Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, is mounted on his charger Copenhagen. Before him is Waterloo, and the cockpit of Europe. It was to be a day of destiny, come what may. His mixed army of English, Belgians, Dutchmen and Hanoverians, with Brunswickers and Nassauers, is spread across the plain facing the French.

Napoleon had come back from his exile in Elba and swept France before him. The nearer he got on his march to Paris, the more the enthusiasm grew. The Emperor was back! Veterans of the Grande Armée flocked to the colours. Wellington expected to face seven hundred thousand men. That did not daunt him. He was not to know that the force was actually much weaker.

Wellington was not the sort of man to be daunted by anything, and, besides, had he not beaten Napoleon before? For five years his persistence and the pluck of his soldiers had rolled up the sphere of French influence from Portugal, across the Spanish Peninsula and right into Bordeaux and Toulouse. He was the only undefeated British general since the Duke of Marlborough.

And now, on this day, at the age of forty-six he faces the great Bonaparte again. But were the French the same as they had been? Was their quality as high? Of his own force he had some cynical distrust. He could depend upon the British infantry, and it was they—formed in squares—whom he selected to take the full impact of the French attack. The battle begins with great violence at 11.20 a.m.

For hours it looks as if the French are carrying the day. The duke rides up and down the lines (for this is an age when generals still lead their men to battle, not lurk miles away in underground shelters). The first hopeful remark comes from him at about four o'clock.

"By God," cries the duke, "I think we'll beat them yet."

For try as the French may, they cannot break the squares of British infantry. Twelve thousand horse at a time they charge down, only to retreat weaker than when they started. The battle resolves itself into a series of dog-fights.

"The Hanoverians have broken," cries a staff officer, riding up to the duke. "The centre of the line is open."

"Order the Brunswick troops to the spot," says the duke, as calm as you please. "I will lead them forward myself."

The battle has been on eight hours now. Napoleon sends forward his last ten battalions of the Guard. They meet with disaster. And now the Prussians begin to press heavily on the French near Pappelotte.

"The whole line will advance!" commands the duke. And forward they go, the men cheering as he gallops up with them.

"No cheering, my lads," he says. "No cheering. Forward and complete your victory."

The French are in disorder. Wellington comes upon Blücher on the road and thanks him with a handshake. Napoleon is in flight, his army having suffered great numbers of dead. The Allies have suffered (*Continued on page 71*)

FANTASY

A GENTLE breeze was murmuring in the pines as the old emperor came slowly down the winding path between the irises, and, sighing, passed under the great wisteria-festooned archway and re-entered the castle. The trees and flowers of the garden of Yebo Castle were gone, and in the dark-panelled audience chamber Hirohito dimly discerned the long visage, wrinkled as a dried pear, of Prince Fumimaro Konoye, last of the elder statesmen. Reflecting that the old gentleman must be nearly ninety, the emperor begged him to sit. Then he listened to the quavering voice recounting the conclusions of the Privy Council on the subject of the German excavations across the neck of Nicaragua.

So: it was war again, the final war.

"Let us contemplate the map," said the emperor, and when attendants had brought the great scroll, and unrolled it and weighted it down, emperor and elder statesmen blinked at the Japanese saga as it lay pictured in symbols, gorgeous, sinister, and lovely, on the crystal table sustained on golden dragons.

It began with the commencement of time, and the Son of Heaven descending to found the royal ruling house of Nippon. But the emperor's eyes slid over the myth, and paused at the symbols of Hideyoshi.

Back in the sixteenth century, Hideyoshi dreamed his measureless dream of a world ruled by the sacred race of the Nipponese isles. He himself got only as far as Korea. Still, it was curious to think that if Iyeyasu Tokugawa had not closed the kingdom in 1637, forbidding the building of ships over fifty tons, Japan might have pursued the militant dream of Hideyoshi, and secured the isles of Oceania, from the East Indies and the Philippines, to Australia and New Zealand, settled California, and later fought righteously to keep out the Western aggressor, instead of vice versa.

However, here, in gouts of purple and violet fire, around the dates 1853 and 1863, came Commodore Perry's warships into Urasa Bay, and the British warcraft to bombard Kogoshima and Shimonoseki, forcing Nippon to leave her agrarian seclusion for the fierce struggles of industrial civilization; and here were the feudal samuri exchanging their long curved swords for the new weapons and techniques.

Out flew weak dual rule under Shogun and Mikado, and in came unification under the Mikado, and a Bismarckian constitution. Under the drive of the new industrialism the population spurted from thirty to seventy millions during the Era of the Three Wars: the war of 1894 which destroyed the fleet and army of Manchu-ruled China and slowly disintegrated the Dragon Throne; the war of 1904-1905 which sank the Tzarist fleet, drove the Russians from warm water in Liao-Tung Peninsula, back through Mukden to their Siberian plains, and slowly crumbled the Romanoff throne; the war of 1914-1918, which acquired for Japan Germany's Far Eastern possessions, and the strategic Bonin Islands, a sea ram thrust towards Hawaii, America's Pacific stronghold 1,200 miles away.

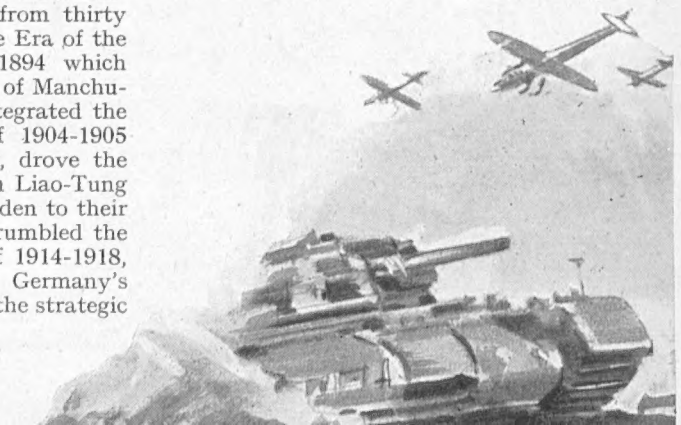
For a little space the doves of the Era of Fictitious Peace winged across the map: an interlude, when the fatigued, high-living western men broke their weapons, and imagined that vital matters of race, domination, land, food, materials, even national survival, could be settled peacefully between empty orations in a white palace by a lake in a tiny mountain state in West Europe. The doves faded into the dark hawks and vultures of the Era of the Tanaka Conquests.

The emperor recalled his father instructing Premier Tanaka, in 1926, to survey the world and formulate a long-term policy for Japan. Tanaka had spent a year in consultation and meditation, and then presented his celebrated plan for building an Asiatic and Pacific empire in six stages. First, wrench the three Manchurian provinces beyond the Great Wall from the bandit chief, Chang Tso-lin. Second, secure Inner Mongolia, and oust Russia from Outer Mongolia. Third, conquer the Yangtze River valley, and Canton and its hinterland, thereby effectually controlling China, a geographical unit the size of the United States and containing a fourth of the world's population. Fourth, annex Indo-China, which the French, at loggerheads with the British, and obsessed by the German menace, would not fight to retain. Fifth, seize the East Indies from the Dutch, and the Philippines from the Americans. Sixth, take India.

A smile twinkled frostily in the prince's sunken eye as he put a quavering finger on India. "Your Majesty will recall that a Chinese agent stole a copy of the Tanaka Memorial from our Foreign Office and smuggled it to Nanking. It was published all over the world. We proclaimed it a forgery, and many people believed us because the scope of our aspirations seemed incredible. Thus we were enabled to proceed from stages one to four without interference from the west."

His dry chuckle rustled, but Hirohito frowned, seeing again those anxious, bloody days of the Hitlerite era: a confusion of vast, wierd battles, the land black with tanks and the sky thunderous with warplanes, millions of armoured men locked in death grips, pyramids of slain, the marching and counter-marching across Europe and

Decoration by



in YELLOW

A Vivid Description of Japan's Dreams, Aims and Plans

By

C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Asia, huge fleets steaming massively towards war stations, the shadow of giant bombers athwart the bamboo cities of Nippon, the confusion of counsel as Hitler made and broke pacts, twisted and turned, the gnawing uncertainty as the stakes in the war poker play rose sky-high and none dared call the other's hand.

"Hitler was a mad gambler," murmured the Emperor.

"But the times were propitious," protested the prince, in his high, thin tremolo.

"True; yet it was all very dangerous, and distorted our time pattern. We were hurried into suicidal adventures. Supposing the Russians had extricated their main armies, the Chinese armies had been supplied and had developed an offensive, the Americans had made their arms programme really effective in time, the British had secured all the ships, planes and other war material they needed, and the Americans had wakened before it was too late, put themselves on a war footing, and united behind Roosevelt and with Britain? We would have found ourselves confronting an overwhelming coalition just when the Germans were losing strength, and we would have been cut down at sea, strangled by blockade, pounded by bombs, lost."

"Ah, so many 'ifs' and 'mights,'" grumbled the old prince. "Fortunately, none of those things happened. Hitler gambled on time and America's military weakness and lack of unity and taste for war, and we followed Hitler; and so," he nodded at the scroll, "we gained our empire."

But the emperor was peering through his thick glasses at the map's end. There, under the flag of the Rising Sun, lay an empire larger than Tanaka planned but smaller than Hideyoshi dreamed. On the west it stretched from Madagascar and the Indus, through the Siberian plains to the Kara Sea, and on the east from Alaska to Chili. There were Japanese settlements and treaty ports scattered down the west Pacific coast of the Americas from California to Peru. Panama was owned jointly with the Nazi empire.

The frontiers of the latter empire marched with Japan's through the continents and oceans of the world. The swastika flag flew over Europe, Africa, the Middle East, and most of the American continent. The former United States was a self-governing dominion under the swastika; the Latin-American states were imperial farms managed by German gauleiters with the aid of German S.S. garrisons and Gestapo units.

But the Germans were not content to share the world with their old Axis partner. For years the pressures had been rising. A German fifth column worked in China, promising self-government under the swastika, flattering Chinese leaders by urging a common racial descent from the Hun tribes of Hsiung-nu, which had once provided China with ruling dynasties. And now they drove a parallel Atlantic-Pacific canal through Nicaragua, bypassing Japanese control of the Panama Canal at the Pacific end, ignoring her protests. It was the red light. All that remained for Japan to decide was whether to attack, or await attack.

"We should have foreseen this more clearly," said Hirohito, "when we made ourselves the eastern end of Germany's Axis forty years ago. We might have been wiser to reach agreement with Russia, America, Britain, and China, instead of entwining our destiny with these German cobras. Now it seems we may have——"

A thud interrupted the emperor. The ancient prince, hands folded in his lap, had slipped sideways off his chair, and lay sprawled on the floor. The emperor made no move to assist him, or summon help: he saw that the last of the elder statesmen had gone to join his illustrious ancestors. It was undoubtedly an omen, and Hirohito amended his sentence.

"Now," said the last emperor of the doomed Japanese empire, "we have dug our own grave."

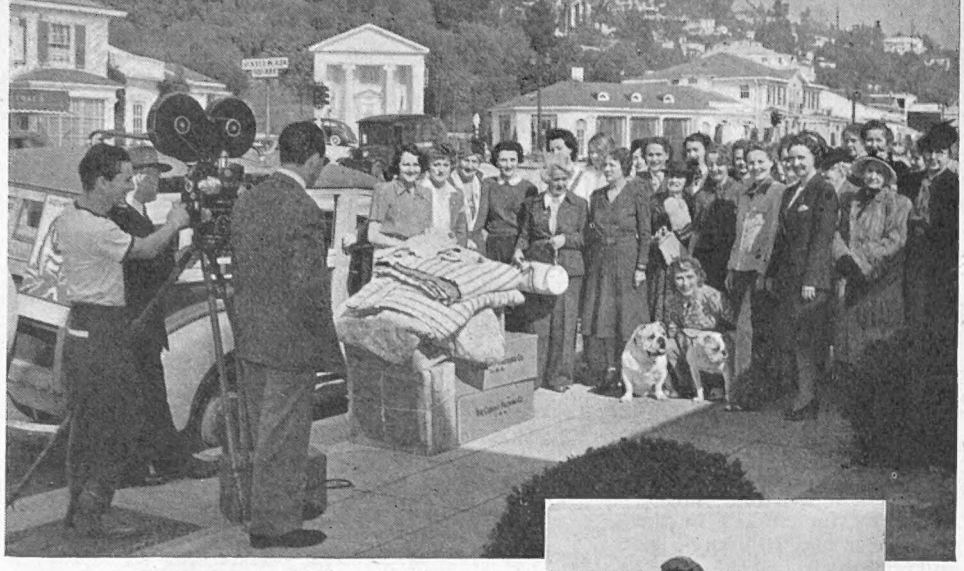
J. Nicolson

A FANTASY—like all the accomplished things of to-day, when those things lay unborn in the womb of time, existing only in dreams and plans in men's minds. We can now move back forty years from the final war for world mastery between the warrior empires of Nazi and Nipponese, and note several of the more important checks to realization of Nipponese dreams, checks which have only lately appeared, and whose effectiveness is still not certain. (*Continued on page* 63)

Hollywood wears a New Face

Wartime Activities in the Celluloid City

By Margaret Chute



A NUMBER of well-known Englishwomen are seen in this group taken outside the Hollywood headquarters of British War Relief Association, on Sunset Boulevard. (Left to right): Mrs. Ronald Colman (Benita Hume), Mrs. Clive Brook, Mrs. Ernest Torrence, Mary Forbes (mother of Ralph Forbes), Sylvia Fairbanks (Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks senior) and her sister, Mrs. Bleech, Rose Hobart, Mrs. Jennings, aged eighty, who works for British War Relief every day, Heather Thatcher, Mrs. Charles Boyer (Pat Paterson) and Mrs. Angel, mother of Heather Angel. In the foreground is some of the clothing to be sent to England

HEATHER THATCHER outside headquarters of T.A.B.S. She is the accredited representative in the U.S. of British Actors' Equity Relief Fund

IN the war days of 1941 Hollywood is wearing a new face, and singing a new song. That song is based on the theme: "How can we help England?" Nobody wants to pretend that there are *no* parties, or that nobody ever puts a nose inside a restaurant or night club. That would be absurd. But the new song is one of considerable self-sacrifice; sacrifice of precious leisure hours on the part of men and women who work extremely hard at the business of providing entertainment for the public.

There are many actresses who put in a regular number of hours a week sitting at a sewing machine, clicking knitting needles, or doing secretarial work for Bundles for Britain, the British War Relief Association, or Tabs—which stands for "To Aid British Services." In businesslike slacks, or Red Cross uniform, they go to their voluntary work as punctually as they go to the studios to earn big salaries. If they are making a film, and cannot get to their own particular headquarters on Sunset Boulevard or elsewhere, they take sweaters, socks, or button-hole making to the studio, and work like mad between scenes.

There are actors who spend countless hours travelling round California, making speeches in order to raise funds for one of the organisations mentioned above. Nigel Bruce is one of them; and he will talk to anything from twenty to two thousand people, coming away content if he can say: "Here you are, old boy; here's another hundred dollars for the good cause." The money he has raised in this way runs into five figures or more. Montagu Love, another Englishman, has spoken hundreds of times, to audiences large and small, and raised an equally large sum of money. For one of his recent meetings he asked if I would write something about being in air raids, and being attacked at sea; he hoped, also, I might be able to quote from some letters reaching me from home.

I gave him as much material as I could. He read it just as I wrote it, and before the meeting ended an anonymous donor sent a cheque for 1,250 dollars to the chairman of the meeting—because she has been so touched and thrilled by what Mr. Love had read from his English journalist friend! That gave me one of my biggest thrills; it was good to know I had helped to pull in that much money for the good cause.

There are radio programmes, all the time; scarcely a week goes by without a big one. These programmes mean sacrifice of time, and often loss of money. But the stars do not care. Let any one whisper that a programme for any war cause is being put together, and telephone calls flood in from Myrna Loy, Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, Bob Hope, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou, and dozens of others, offering to turn up on the night, and to fit in as many rehearsals as may be needed.

There are garden parties, given in the grounds of some of Hollywood's loveliest houses; everything is provided, free of cost to Bundles, or War Relief, or Tabs, and the entire proceeds are handed over either to buy more material for shirts, pyjamas, socks, mittens, scarves, or to be sent home in the form of good hard cash.

Thus has a new type of life come into being, in the film capital; a life that counts it better to serve others than to concentrate completely on advancing a career. I wish some of those who are keeping things the right side up at home could walk into the Hollywood headquarters of Bundles for Britain, or British War Relief, as I did so many times this year, and see the eager smiling faces of famous women who give up so many hours a day for a grand cause.

They treat it all as part of the day's work; but it is far more than that. It represents a regular, reliable (*Continued on page* 54)

A QUARTET of workers for Bundles for Britain. Standing is (left) Merle Oberon and Vivian Gaye (Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch) who is the president of the Hollywood branch

TONY MARTIN, Claudette Colbert, James Cagney and Mickey Rooney rehearsing a skit for one of the many broadcasts given in Hollywood for Bundles for Britain. All the biggest stars appear at these broadcasts and are glad to give their time and support for a grand cause

Fingers A Layman's Adventure in a Spy Ring

By

Arthur Mills

HE was just a little fellow who kept his eyes open — wide; works manager of his firm and then a director. He had his grievances against the Government and did not expect such a quick answer to his letter when he wrote to tell the authorities what he had seen. And he was surprised by the request he got.

Two mornings after posting the letter Walters received a telephone message; a nice, pleasant voice asked if it would be convenient for him to call at a club in Piccadilly between six and seven that evening.

"It is about your letter," the pleasant voice said. "If that time suits you, will you ask for me—Major Mayne."

Walters went to the club. The hall porter asked his name and said: "This way, sir."

He followed the porter through the hall to a writing-room at the back of the main lounge. A tall man in Service dress got up from a chair as he came in.

"Very nice of you to come," said the Major, as the porter closed the door. "Do sit down. Cigarette?" He opened his case.

Walters took a cigarette. He looked hard at his host before lighting up. So this was one of the M.I. officers? Why see him at a club?

The Major took Walters' letter from the breast pocket of his tunic. He put on a pair of glasses and unfolded the letter. "We are interested by what you tell us, Mr. Walters."

"I thought you would be," Walters said.

The Major consulted the letter. "You say you always come down by this particular train, and that you always ask for the second service on the dining-car?"

"I like to sit on in the car for a bit after dinner; it passes the time."

"Quite. And while sitting there you observed what you have reported to us."

"That 's right," Walters said.

"Your firm are connected with Government contracts; and you make this journey regularly?"

"Twice a week."

"The man you describe in your letter is also often on the train?"

"Yes."

"You say that your attention was attracted to him because he used to wait on the platform like yourself, until the dining-car attendants

"He took off his hat and gave her the ticket; she smiled and thanked him, and then he passed on"

came on duty in order to make his reservation for the second service, and you noticed that he always asked for two tickets, but came into the dining-car alone ; he was then joined by a companion, but it was never the same person who used the second ticket."

"There were two different men and one woman," Walters said.

Major Mayne leaned back and crossed his legs. "What made you start observing this man ? "

"Well, the first time he asked for two tickets I happened to remember his face, and then when I saw him in the dining-car sitting alone, I wondered what had happened to the friend he had got the second ticket for. The owner of the ticket came along after a few minutes and sat down opposite my man, but did not say anything or seem to know him. I thought it was funny, considering he got two tickets. I mean he ought to know the man he got the ticket for. They got into conversation after a bit, but not at once. The same thing happened next time, and that made me start to watch."

"What was the result of your observations ? "

"Well, the third time was the time he had a woman at his table. I followed him after he got the two tickets from the conductor and saw what happened. Having got the tickets he walked down the platform, looking in the carriages till he came to one where a woman was standing at the window. He slowed his pace, looked at her, then took off his hat and gave her the ticket. She smiled and thanked him, and then he passed on."

"Do you mean this woman he gave the ticket to pretended not to know him when she came to his table in the dining-car ? It sounds very odd, Mr. Walters."

"No," Walters said. "He and the woman started to talk at once ; but the two men, on the other journeys, acted as if they were strangers to him when they first sat down. In their case I have no knowledge that he handed them their tickets for the dining-car. I did not see him do it."

"I see," Major Mayne said. "Now as regards the woman. You think they were old acquaintances."

"I don't think he had ever seen her before."

"You don't ? "

"I think he recognised her by a ring she was wearing. I noticed it when she held out her hand for the ticket."

"Hadn't she any gloves ? "

Walters shook his head. "No : you 'd expect a woman dressed like she was to travel in gloves."

"What was the ring like ? "

"A wedding ring—plain gold."

"That would not help him recognise someone he was looking for."

"She was wearing it on the wrong hand."

Major Mayne massaged his chin. "I 'm still not convinced, Mr. Walters. A woman wearing her wedding ring on the wrong hand would attract attention. If the woman is what you think, she would not want to do that."

"She only did it for a moment, and then changed the ring back again ; she had her ring on the proper hand when she came into the restaurant-car."

"I see." Major Mayne crossed to the bell and rang. "Like a glass of sherry ? " he asked, when the waiter came in. Walters said he would. The Major unbuckled his belt. "You might hang that up with my hat ; last peg on the right." He gave the belt to the waiter.

"Well, what else did you notice ? " he asked, after the waiter had brought the sherry.

"Two other things. Both the men who took their places in the dining-car had the top button of their waistcoats undone."

"What made you notice that ? "

"Because each of them did the button up soon after he sat down."

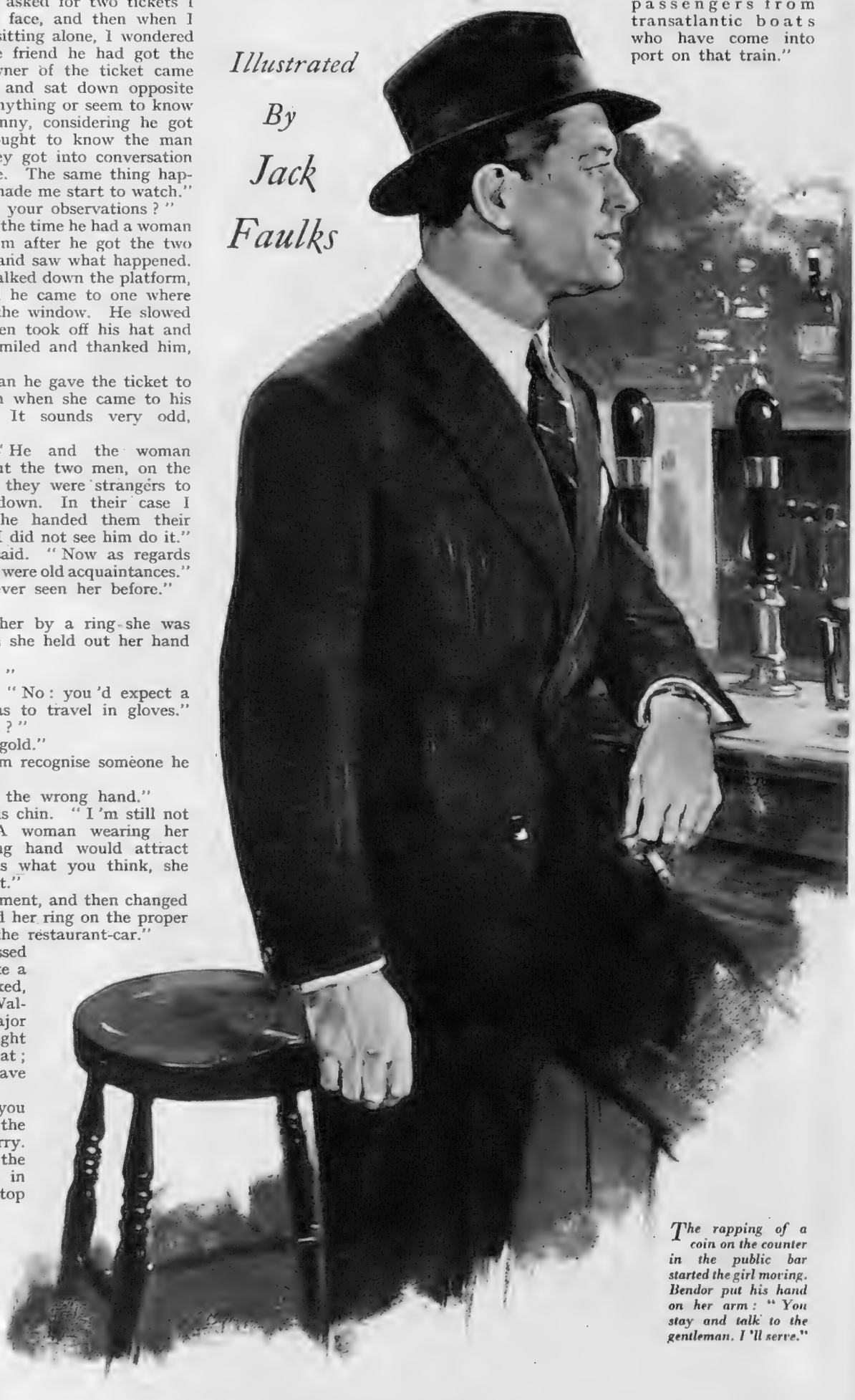
"You don't miss a thing."

"My firm make precision tools," Mr. Walters said.

"Your suggestion is that this traveller, who has been on the train with you three times, may be an enemy agent who is using the dining-car for his contacts. It is possible : a train is a good meeting-place. On the other hand, why go so far away ? The incidents you describe took place two or three hundred miles from London."

"I think he went up to meet them. We often get passengers from transatlantic boats who have come into port on that train."

Illustrated By Jack Faulks



The rapping of a coin on the counter in the public bar started the girl moving. Bendor put his hand on her arm : "You stay and talk to the gentleman. I 'll serve."

Major Mayne's eyes showed interest. "What was the woman like?"

"Dark, pretty; looked under thirty, but might be more; large black eyes; I couldn't say whether the powder covered an olive skin, but it might. I have seen her type in Buenos Aires."

"There are not many women crossing the Atlantic just now; I dare say I can find out who she is."

Mr. Walters shook his head. "If my guess is right you won't. Remember I told you I saw her hands: they were red; she'd been working with them;

she probably came over as a member of the crew—a stewardess, perhaps—that is how the two men got over: they had bits of grit and coal-dust embedded in their skin; stokers' cheeks are often like that."

"Most ships are oil-driven."

"Not all," Walters said. "I'm just telling you what I think. It may be wrong."

The Major got up and stood in front of the fireplace. "Have you ever had anything to do with Intelligence work, Mr. Walters?"

"No. I've read books."

"Would you know what I meant if I were to talk about 'fingers'?"

Walters shook his head.

"Well, an Intelligence organisation works something like this. There is the head," the Major tapped his well-shaped forehead; "he is the brains and motive force which directs the whole machine. Then there is the body; this maintains the machine—supplies it. Then an arm, which can be pointed in this direction or that; a wrist, supple and strong; and the fingers: they gather in the goods. That is the sealed pattern of every Intelligence organisation in every country. The advantage of the system is that if one finger or thumb is lost, there are still four left to work with. Even if the whole hand goes there are still other arms. You get me?"

"I do."

"So you may have uncovered something. I think you have. We get a great many stories about spies sent in to us. The majority are handled by the routine department. Yours happened to interest me particularly. Of course, in the ordinary way spies are dealt with by the police and tried in a civil court. In the field, where there is no civil power, arrest may be made by the military and trial by court-martial follows. But we are in Great Britain now and this is a police matter. However, there are cases in which the military or naval authorities take action first. I need not go into details, but you can imagine there may be times when we do not wish to pass on information; that is why I asked you to come and see me personally. Have some more sherry?"

"Thanks," Walters said.

The Major rang the bell and ordered. "I also did not want it known you had seen me. A visit to a club isn't so likely to be noticed as a visit to Scotland Yard or the War Office. You might be coming here to see anybody."

"Do you mean someone may be watching me?"

"It is possible. Your friend on the train may have noticed you were in the dining-car whenever he was there, just as you noticed him. He may wonder who you are."

The waiter came in with two more glasses of sherry and left.

"I'd like to hear more about this gentleman who always takes two tickets for the dining-car. What does he look like?"

Walters thought a moment. "He looks as if he might keep a pub," he said. "Large, cheery chap. A bit bloated about the cheeks; bald, clean-shaven; a publican's paunch; fat hands, short fingers, wears the last war's ribbons in a badge on the lapel of his coat; has to put on glasses to read the menu; height about five-foot-eleven, eyes brown."

"You certainly have splendid powers of observation, Mr. Walters; with the help you have given us we may be able to find out whether any owner of a public house answering that description has been making journeys to the north, and

I dare say we could find out from the shipping companies if two stokers or a stewardess absented themselves when the ship docked."

"Then you won't need me any more?"

"We may. Would you be willing to help us?"

"How can I?"

"In many ways. As I told you, the police have the final responsibility for arresting all spies, but the people who spot them, watch them, and make their capture possible are often members of the general public."

Mr. Walters, already late for dinner, began to be bitten by the spy bug. "What do you think his game is?"

"That is impossible to say definitely, but there are pointers. As you are going to help us I think you ought to know what they are. Can you spare a few minutes?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Walters.

"Well, first I will tell you why we believed you had got hold of something. You remember my explaining to you about the 'fingers'? These things always run to pattern and in cycles. In the last war an organisation existed in America working for the allies; they planted German-speaking clerks in the Austrian and German Embassies, waiters in restaurants and clubs used by Germans; they kept their ears to the ground and found out a lot of things, like von Rintelen's journey. It is old and published history now, but similar. I mean, consider what the German Intelligence Service's most urgent need is at the moment: obviously the tapping of Anglo-American communications; they want to know what is going on. At one time they could tap cables and try to decipher codes, but in days when important intermediaries fly over here with messages by bomber and heads of State meet personally, their cryptographers cannot help."

"But these people, who were having a get-together in the dining-car, were members of a ship's crew. What have they got to do with a bomber?" Walters asked.

"Nothing, presumably, but they may know the nature of the cargo they are bringing over and we can't be sure they are not carrying information they have picked up the other side. They would learn something about convoy work, anyway. They may have methods of signalling to U-boats. I can't say what they do—not yet. By the way, leaving the top button of the waistcoat undone is a good idea—better than safety-pins."

"Safety-pins?" said Mr. Walters.

"Yes, that ridiculous emblem which was responsible for the Germans breaking up the White Lady organisation in Belgium in the last war: two safety-pins under a coat lapel. They were a death warrant. Why two?"

"A bit obvious," Walters agreed.

"Did your friend, who looks like a publican, keep the top button of his waistcoat undone?"

"I did not notice. I don't think so."

"He must have told the dining-car attendant he was expecting somebody, otherwise when the others came in they might have been asked to sit at any table."

"He behaved as if he did not know either of the men. I think they told the attendant where they wanted to sit. They were among the first to come in. If he is on the train on my next journey how would it be if I went and sat in the place opposite him?"

The Major shook his head. "He would say the seat was engaged; also you would draw attention to yourself and he might get suspicious. Then he would stop whatever he was doing. We have got to find out who he is; you can help us there."

"He isn't always on the train. I think he only travels when ships come in. I dare say he stays up there till a convoy arrives."

"That would not be necessary. If he had an associate in the port he could telephone down to him when ships were approaching the harbour." The Major thought a moment. "We don't want this fellow merely arrested as a suspected person. We want him caught doing something, and we want to pick up his friends—particularly the woman you describe. I'll be frank with you, Mr. Walters. She is the real reason I am seeing you in this unorthodox way. The two men, who looked like stokers, may not be much, but I think she might be someone who has been reported to us as missing from another part of the world. If she is the same she is important. We've got to do something. I mean, if one knows a snake has got into the house, one does not go to bed until one has found it."

Walters believed his host could say more. "Do you know who she is?" he asked.

Major Mayne did not answer at once. Then he said: "Well, we have heard something about a woman who has been doing a tour of the cabarets in South America. She works the ports—Rio, Montevideo, Buenos Aires. Shipping is her speciality, and she might have connections that would enable her to get over here as a member of a ship's company."

"You said you could find out if a stewardess was missing?"

"She may have come over dressed as a man." The Major drew at his cigarette. "Of course, it is really a police matter," he said again. "They are great fellows—but with women! You know how quick crooks are to spot plain-clothes men—they can smell 'em. And women—well, a plain-clothes man might as well smother himself in luminous paint—women agents spot them every time. That is another way in which you can be useful, Mr. Walters: she would not suspect you."

(*Continued on page* 69)

He took a step forward and picked up the tankard standing on the counter. "I'll keep this," he said.

Sport After the War

As I Would Have It Preached and Practised

By Ben Bennison

1. *Peter Kane knocks Teddy O'Neill through the ropes in their contest at the Odeon Theatre, held in aid of the Air Force Benevolent Fund.*
2. *A mêlée during a match at Rectory Field between Blackheath and London Scottish.*
3. *A scene from a Test match at Leeds. Edrich batting.*
4. *The 1940 Cambridge crew out for a final spin.*
5. *J. Morris clearing 5 ft. 7½ in. in the high jump at Iffly Road track.*
6. *The start of the half-mile race at an A.A.A. meeting at the White City.*

RECENTLY a very young but none the less desirable officer of the Guards was told off from the "square" and ordered, post haste, to retrieve a deserter from a miles away police court. He appeared before the bench in working kit, unspruced the urgency of his mission having denied time for spit and polish, and, maybe, there was about his square jaw a blueness telling of a hasty, if indeed a shave at all. Whereupon the presiding magistrate began to "tick him off."

Lest I be mistaken: I am not intolerant of tradition, circumspection, formality, old-fashionedness, what you will. It is that I am impatient to be made sure that in the planning and shaping of life after the war such an understanding will be brought to bear that we shall be immeasurably the richer in every vital particular, the last of the Blimps buried deep in his own obtuseness, the old school tie no longer counted a mark of distinction.

In the stupendous work of reconstruction I sense a danger of theorising to the cost of fundamentals, a narrowness of vision, weakness for temporising, the grinding of axes that were the better left blunted if, as demanded, there shall be complete attunement to the new order of things that will have for its unswerving purpose the moral, social, and physical betterment of the people. Architects of a post-war Britain go to it, not as mere experts but as realists, schooled in a flesh and blood university, clear-seeing, straight-thinking, free from obsessions, unshackled by prejudices, unmindful of precedents, and it is pleased to accept as established fashions.

UPBRINGING, inclination, wedded me to sport conceived for the making of men at once rare, distinctive, self-reliant; and it is sport that will indubitably play a giant's part in an enormously changed and still changing life. Towns, villages and hamlets must be provided with every facility for the playing of games as a matter of course and not have it required to grope for healthy body-building recreation. I do not favour intensive physical culture; to the average youth it is unpleasantly like dragooning, a something that is wholly foreign. I have an abhorrence of "movements," as popularly understood: they are without soul, the creatures of the Demagogue, a destroyer of individuality, a burglar of initiative. We are different. It is a difference that is the envy, the despair of Germany and the explanation of the astonishment of all the countries that the British youth, though left largely to himself, attains such athletic proficiency and toughness. Yet the preachers of "get fit and keep fit" persist without opening the door to fitness. A suggestion has been made that games should be made compulsory in all schools. I cannot imagine a county council scholar having to be forced to engage in any sport. What is needed is an outlet for naturalness, and if I may say so without presumption, a keener official appreciation of the masters who give unstintingly of their leisure to the teaching of games. Our elementary school teachers have done and are doing wonders. Their cricketers I do vouch are beyond compare when East meets West at the Oval.

I am strongly opposed to the least regimentation. Coaches by all means, and there are already at hand, men of international repute and high standing. During the years between the last and present war they were in great request by Germany, who yearned to play after the way of the British, and I took no small part in their exportation in the belief that Germany in a bellowed chorus to be taught to play the game would find salvation; but no sooner had she found the road to athletic distinction that the jack boot was reintroduced to trample down and rot the seed sown by their British mentors. And there was begotten of the scrub a monstrous goose-stepping robot that bore no relationship (*Continued on page 57*)

Smiling Stranger

Who gave Some Strange Advice to a Chance Acquaintance

By Dale Collins

THE voice of the announcer reading the nine o'clock news dwindled to a whisper.

"There they go again!" intoned the patrons of the saloon bar, on a queer note which mingled exasperation with a certain resigned amusement—a kind of verbal shrug. "He's a bit earlier tonight."

The siren, which squatted like a collapsed Chinese lantern on the top of a tall post immediately outside the "Tudor Rose," burst into a hoarse bellow, lowing in answer to the other members of the herd dotted all over London. Under the sheer assault of the blare faces screwed up, but otherwise the somewhat solemn ritual of consuming beer continued.

Mr. Pepper played pin-table with absorbed attention. If he scored 13,000 he would be rewarded with a very slim packet of five very slim cigarettes. While the sentinel outside continued to roar its warning that death, doom and destruction swept through the sky at 400 miles an hour, that men joined battle in the heights of night, that certain people would not see the dawn, Mr. Pepper concentrated on the job in hand. The last ball trickled down the table: 12,900. He swore a very mild oath, and fumbled for another penny.

The siren grunted into silence.

"So near, and yet so far."

The remark struck Mr. Pepper as most appropriate, for he was not of critical disposition. He looked up and saw a smiling stranger, pint tankard in hand, leaning against the bar and nodding sympathetically at the brightly lit scoreboard.

The smiling stranger was gentle and plump and round and smooth, with black eyes which held opal lights. He wasn't exactly a toff, but Mr. Pepper would have called him "Sir" as a matter of course if it hadn't been for his friendly, easy way. He beamed, he was so placid, that you felt at home with him from the start.

"That's so," said Mr. Pepper appreciatively. "Very nicely put: 'So near and yet so far.' One more bump, and I'd have had 'em."

It said much for the stranger's personality—kindly, without a hint of patronage—that Mr. Pepper, a reserved citizen, should confess his disappointment like this, for the other did not seem to be, somehow, the pin-table type. Yet his reaction proved that Mr. Pepper had been right; and that the smiling stranger was as human as the rest of us.

"I find it an expensive way of acquiring smokes."

Mr. Pepper nodded. "A mug's game. Particularly in my case. I keep the little tobacconist's down the road."

"Coals to Newcastle," said the stranger, again pleasing Mr. Pepper with his aptness of phrase. "And yet you play?"

"A lot. A silly lot. But it's kind of something to do. Occupation, as you might say. Takes your mind off things."

"An anodyne. 'Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world——'" He wasn't exactly talking to Mr. Pepper which was just as well, for Mr. Pepper hadn't a notion of what all this had to do with "Lightning"

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier

HE took a pale yellow identity card from his pocket and glanced at it.

(A Game of Skill Only). Then the smile, which had fled away, came back, and the twinkles deep in his eyes were there again, so that, after the instant of remoteness, he became once more a friendly kind of cove to meet in the "Tudor Rose."

"Want another go?"

"No, no, you have a shot," Mr. Pepper invited generously.

The stranger, you had to admit, played a very pretty game, not just banging them up, aiming them, judging them. He smiled all the time, as if he, too, found it something quite pleasant to do. An ano—anodyne. And with one ball to play he'd won his cigarettes.

"Nice work."

"We must have a drink to celebrate. My name's Smith. What will you have?"

Mr. Pepper introduced himself, and said he'd have a mild with just a dash of bitter. "They know me here. I'm a regular. They won't charge for the dash."

Mr. Smith, having claimed his prize, ordered the mild as specified, and a bitter for himself. Mr. Pepper was glad to note that he did not try to cash in on the regular's privilege. Also he liked the way Mr. Smith slipped his prize into the box on the bar for the soldiers in the local hospital. It wasn't the gift itself—Mr. Smith wasn't what you call a likely smoker of Daisy Chains—but the way he did it, quietly, when he thought nobody was looking.

The barrage gunfire had begun. It beat a sullen tattoo at the back of the talk in the big bar. Suddenly there came a crunching bang, much louder than the rest.

For the fraction of a second, a pause, an emptiness.

"That was a bomb," said the barmaid, whose home was in South London which made her something of an expert.

"Bomb!—you're all bombs!" said a man in a cap. "Want to know what that there was? That there was one of the heavy naval guns over in Thicket Wood. Only moved them in to-day. Soon as I heard I said right off: 'All the chumps'll be hearing bombs now.'"

"Naval guns—my aunt!" said the barmaid with fine and final disdain. "Naval guns!".

"WELL," Mrs. Pepper began bitterly and with gusto, "where in the name of the devil have you been all the night?"

MR. PEPPER and Mr. Smith, talking of this and that, had drifted into the quick intimacy which comes when death is overhead. Mr. Pepper hadn't met any one he liked so much in years. Here was the kind of man you could yarn to, and yet one who was a cut above the ordinary run. A stranger, too. You could say things to him and know they wouldn't get round. The perfect confidant. And that was just what Mr. Pepper needed. Pin-table was not enough—not really—not by a miles. Neither was beer.

"If it was a bomb," he said, lowering his voice, "I wish it had dropped on me. Not on you and the rest and the old "Tudor," of course—only just on me."

The deep black eyes looked at him for a moment, and the smile went again.

"I believe you," said Mr. Smith. "That is not mild-with-a-dash speaking. A most remarkable experience to find a citizen of London inviting a bomb. Would you care to explain and elaborate?"

"If you mean to get it off my chest, why, yes, very much," said Mr. Pepper. "Immensely. I so seldom meet any one I can talk to. Do you know, I think of you as the smiling stranger."

"The smiling stranger?" said Mr. Smith. "That is quite a phrase. You must talk to your smiling stranger."

"But first I'll have these filled. The same?"

"Thank you."

They took their glasses to a corner table in the shade of a palm. The "Rose" was not a dear old (*Continued on page 72*)

THE COTTAGE

ALTHOUGH the ideal country cottage exists only in the imagination of the town dweller, to-day, with homes ruined and businesses suspended, it remains the Mecca of many a weary pilgrimage. Country cottages do exist but, unfortunately, the interior does not always harmonise with the charm of the exterior. Much can be done to remedy this with the help of the local carpenter—if there is one left in the village. Failing this, the pioneer spirit of our adventuring ancestors must be reawakened, and the many disadvantages of the cottage overlooked.

If a builder is available windows can be enlarged, even the roof raised to give more light and air into the bedrooms, without detracting from the character of the cottage. Stone floors could be boarded over, adding to the comfort of the inmates. If that abomination of all right-sighted people, the corrugated iron roof, has been substituted for the thatch of earlier days, one need not be discouraged, for it can be painted, either a dull green or warm brick red, and so lose much of its blatant unhappiness—at least it has the advantage of discouraging the many live creatures that thatch welcomes! Plumbing is a nightmare, but much can be done by a little contrivance and the village plumber.

Each district boasts of its own type of cottage. In hilly counties where stone is abundant, we find them built of stone with tiled roofs. In the peaceful agricultural parts of the West Country cob and thatch nestle to the ground from which they sprang. Where timber framed cottages are common, forest land is not far away.

Typical Cottages of the Cotswolds. The famous Arlington Row (1), in Bibury, Gloucestershire, has all the characteristics of the true Cotswold architecture. The cottages have solid, stone walls, high-pitched tiled roofs and dormer windows; in this case placed haphazard, and made for the convenience of the inside rooms, not for the symmetry of the outside.

Similar in design, although semi-detached, are the cottages at Lower Swell (2), which have the added attraction of Tudor doorways.

One of the most charming of the many delightful cottages in the Cotswolds is one at Lower Slaughter (3) which appears to have grown out of the ground upon which it was built four or five centuries ago. Note the worked stone of the quoins and angles of the walls, in contrast to the rest of the building.

A one-storied dwelling in Yorkshire. This tiny cottage (4) with its curved tiled roof, and dry stone wall surrounding its pleasant garden, harmonises with its rugged needs. It is at Sandsend, near Whitby, and was built to withstand the many gales and storms that blow across the North Sea.

The half-timbered cottages of Mercia. In the counties where stone was scarce Nature provided a substitute in the hardy timber of the forests. Here the frame-

1. *The famous Arlington Row in Bibury, Glos.*
2. *Semi-detached Tudor cottages at Lower Swell.*
3. *A charming and delightful cottage at Lower Slaughter.*
4. *Tiny cottage with its curved tiled roof at Sandsend, nr. Whitby.*
5. *A cottage with a V-shaped thatched roof at Bishopstone, Bucks.*
6. *A neatly-tailored cottage at Latimer, in the Chilterns.*

HOMES OF ENGLAND

By

M. Lovett

Turner

work of cottages and houses consisted of large posts, angle posts and floor beams of oak, the spaces being filled with brick or plaster. In early work the posts are placed close together, leaving small interstices, and clearly show the marks of the axe with which they were shaped. Cottages of this type are usually lofty, as timber was cheap and easily procured.

Cottage at Bishopstone, Bucks (5). This proudly boasts of three stories warmly covered by the V-shaped thatched roof, the wide interstices forming a chequer-board effect.

A neatly tailored cottage (or should it be classed as a house?) at Latimer, in the Chilterns (6). Typical dormer windows in the centre of the tiled roof, important chimney stack and curved braces, add to that air of well-being that dominates even the countryside itself.

A contrast to the preceding one is the cottage at Weston Turville, near Wendover (7), which might have existed only in a fairy tale so picturesque is its appearance.

The old Court House at Long Crendon, Bucks (8). In this building the offenders against the public weal were brought for trial. It has been converted (or perverted) into cottages, and if the addition of so many doors is unfortunate, it does give homes to more families than could have been possible otherwise. The brickwork between the timber posts stands unashamed in its nakedness, showing the lovely hues of hand-made bricks of Tudor days. The characteristic overhanging upper story rests on massive floor beams and gives extra space to the rooms above, as well as adding that touch of artistic merit we so rightly treasure.

Thatch and Cob in Wessex. Cob, a mixture of straw, earth and lime, or only clay and straw, is noted for its warmth in winter and its coolness in summer. This style of cottage is to be seen at its best in the West Country, adding the shadows from the uneven texture of its walls, to the patchwork light and shade of the foliage that creeps unmolested round every building in that fertile country.

Selworthy (9), the most famous and unspoiled village in England, dates from the days of the Tudors. It is in Somerset, and the cottages cluster round the village green, unchanged and unmolested. Note the thickness of the thatch on the roof and delightful little beehive thatch over the bay window; small paned windows and queer little squat chimney. Another cottage at Selworthy (10), with pointed, triple windows and a brick oven nestling against the old chimney stack, forming interesting angles in the wall. Of the same style, though less pretentious, is the cottage at Steeple Claydon (11), in Bucks. It is simple in character and in keeping with the hardy country setting of trees and rutted lane. This style of cottage is duplicated in every village in England.

7. *This cottage at Weston Turville, nr. Wendover, might have existed in a fairy tale.*
8. *Cottages converted from the Court House at Long Crendon, Bucks.*
9. *A quaint old cottage to be seen at Selworthy, Somerset.*
10. *Another cottage at Selworthy, with pointed triple windows.*
11. *A typical country cottage at Steeple Claydon, Bucks.*

Partners in Retreat

In which Dog and Man both played their Part

DURING a pause in the Great Retreat, Sergeant Man approached his company commander and said: "Beg pardon, sir, but Private Beard wants to speak to you."

"Oh," said Captain Young abstractedly. "What about?"

"About a dog, I believe, sir."

The officer gave his N.C.O. a keen look but could discern no sign of levity in his grim countenance. "Very well, bring him along then."

He waited, thoughtful and anxious, beside a bank. He was the only surviving officer in the company and his responsibilities were many. The sergeant reappeared out of the darkness followed by a short, stocky man, whose shaven face was tanned and grimy and square as his body.

Officers and N.C.O.s knew Beard to be one of the best men in the battalion. A Londoner, born and brought up among streets, he was a natural scout; a man who would reconnoitre an enemy post in thick darkness, memorise its details in complete secrecy, and return to his friends without a false step. A matter of seeing and hearing, Beard called it; to his comrades it was little short of miraculous. The gift had been revealed during training in England, it was developed by assiduous practice under the tuition of an instructor who could talk with pigmy Africans in their own tongue and whose favourite pastime was shooting elephants in bamboo thickets. Beard had refused promotion, but his officers accorded him unusual privileges.

He made his request straightforwardly. He wanted permission to return to a farm which the company had occupied a week before—a place they called Dead Pig Farm. "By my reckoning it lies no more than seven miles east, sir; I can be back before morning."

Young remembered the place, a collection of ramshackle, squalid buildings tenanted by a family of sullen peasants whose resentment at the intrusion of foreigners upon their insanitary outhouses had found outlet in the extortionate prices demanded for milk and eggs. The company had spent three days there in pleasant idleness before re-entering the struggle.

"What do you want to go back for?" asked the captain curiously. To grant permission was out of the question, but he wondered what notion had got into Beard's unemotional mind.

"There was a dog at that farm, sir—he looked something like an alsatian gone wrong with a collie. I called him Dugal."

Young smiled at the description. "Why Dugal?" he inquired.

"First thing that entered my head," said Beard, woodenly. "My grandfather had a dog named Dugal. That dog at the farm and I got to be friends. I tried to get him from the farmer, but nothing doing. I don't think he'd been loose for a year, which was all the time that chap had him; he was chained up in the yard the whole time. I told him one day I'd set him free, and he knew I meant to set him free; it gave him a new lease of life. After that he didn't bark so much."

"And you want to go back to redeem your promise, eh?" Young took the man seriously, there was no doubt he was very much in earnest.

Beard nodded. "I reckoned Jerry would chase us back here. That farmer has cleared out with all he could carry. The dog wouldn't follow him; if I go back I can get him."

It was a mad enterprise and Young marvelled that Beard should ever have thought he would be allowed to attempt it. "I can't give permission," he said crisply. "The enemy are probably in possession of the place now; besides, we may have to move from here at any moment."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Beard gravely, and the captain knew he intended to visit the farm, with or without leave.

"How do you know the dog is still there?"

"I don't know, but I wouldn't mind betting on it."

"Wait a minute, Beard, let me think."

The captain paced to and fro, chewing on the stem of his pipe. Beard stolidly watched him. The company had been awaiting attack all that afternoon, and seen no sign of the enemy. Contact had been broken off the previous evening; fighting had taken place on the left, but the position held. Young wondered how soon he might expect the dive bombers and the tanks.

HE could see the dog vaguely trying to get to him

By
C. T. Stoneham

A sapper had a seven-pound tin of corned beef and some biscuits and the three of them sat with their backs to a wall, and made a meal

"Listen, Beard," he said, coming to a halt in front of the scout. "I want to know what is going on. This point where the road crosses the canal is important; we are the left flank of the brigade and we've got to hold on for a bit. I don't know if mechanised troops are in front of us. I can't give you permission to go collecting dogs, but I'm going to send you out to locate the enemy. Make touch and try to ascertain his strength. Do you understand? If we have only mechanised infantry to contend with we'll take some shifting, but the canal is too shallow to stop tanks."

"I get you, sir," said Beard. "They'll be along, all right, in the morning, but I'm to find out what they're bringing with them."

"That's it. Do you want any help?"

Beard shook his head. "This job is better done alone."

"Right; then handle it your own way. I'll hope to get your report at dawn. The sentries will be warned you are going out."

Beard saluted, turned on his heel, and disappeared in the darkness. His preparations were simple, he took nothing but his bayonet and a leather-covered "cosh," a present from the man who hunted elephants in bamboo jungle.

SHORTLY before midnight he crossed the canal on the one remaining bearer of the bridge and climbed the hill to the village. The place was deserted, except for stray dogs and cats that prowled disconsolately among the houses. Beard went along the side of the road at a good pace. The way was familiar to him, he had traversed it twice before and he had a sound memory for country.

This side of the farm was another village and as Beard approached it he left the road for the fields and stole forward in the darkness, pausing every few yards to listen. If there were a picket it would be at the crest of a little hill before the houses began. He heard a few words of guttural conversation to his right front; the picket was there, wakeful and watchful.

Beard went right round the village, keeping along the edges of the fields, scrambling through hedges and over walls. He came upon the farm from the rear, having encountered no opposition. It consisted of several low buildings inside a

white-washed wall. The house, a cow shed, a barn, and a cart shed formed a rectangle about a cobbled yard half-filled by an enormous heap of manure.

Beard came up from the fields the way the cows were brought in to be milked. Before he gained the wall he was on all fours, scouting like a Red Indian. He lay in that cover for a time, listening intently. From the barn came the sound of high-pitched snoring; a horse stamped and snorted in the stable. The faint rattle of a chain in the yard was a familiar noise; the dog was awake, still tied up.

Beard crawled round the angle of the wall. Lying prone, he could see against the starlit sky the top half of a man who strolled to and fro, a rifle with fixed bayonet slung from his shoulder. The gate leading on to the road would also be guarded.

Beard wormed his way along the base of the wall. He found a stone and tossed it over in a calculated direction. The wet plonk of its fall was followed by an outburst of barking. Dugal was there, in the spot Beard remembered.

The sentry walked to the gate and stood looking over it. Beard ran towards him on the tips of his toes. He struck the man with his "cosh" at the base of the neck, below the helmet, and, as the form crumpled and fell, he hit again at the angle of the jaw—three blows, in frantic haste, while stumbling over the limp enemy. The man had uttered a loud grunt as he fell; Beard, with difficulty controlling his breathing, continued that grunting, imitating a pig as well as he was able.

Dugal was barking frenziedly but there was no other alarm. Beard entered the yard. He felt the softness of the midden under his feet and went round it away from the barn. When within a few yards of Dugal's kennel, he could see the dog vaguely, trying to get to him. Dugal had stopped barking and was whining eagerly.

"Hist, Dugal, it's me!" Beard whispered.

He was about to cross the intervening space when a man emerged from the barn, to stand holding out his arm, trying to read a wrist watch in the starlight. Beard supposed himself visible. He began to hum a catchy tune, frequently heard over the radio from German stations. The words "kleine madchen" and "morgen" were the only ones he could recollect, but he used them distinctly, while muttering and slurring others so that they should be indistinguishable.

The German called out something, evidently jocular. Beard replied "Ya," and laughed foolishly, at the same time slipping his bayonet from the sheath. He began to approach the man stealthily, but, to his relief, this enemy went back into the barn, yawning loudly.

Beard laid rough hands on the dog's head. "Quiet, you fool!" he growled. He was unable to loose the rusty swivel that was never used, but unbuckled the collar. Dugal, abashed by his manner, meekly followed him to the gate. The sentry lay as he had fallen, Beard did not know if he lived.

Out in the field, beyond earshot, he squatted on the ground, taking the dog's head between his hands. "You're free now, boy, and you belong to me. We're not going to be parted; we knew that as soon as we set eyes on each other, didn't we? I've never had a dog."

Dugal pressed his nose into the man's chest; his body quivered uncontrollably.

"Good to be free after a year on a chain, eh? My dog! Come on now, we've got work to do."

They came back beyond the farm to the road, the dog close behind the man, trembling with eagerness, copying his every movement. Along the road, squat and dark in the faint light, was a double line of stationary tanks. Beard stole along in the fields, counting them. He struck back across country then, the way he had come.

Before dawn he forded the canal, eluding detection by the sentries, and entered the sunken lane where men lay sleeping without cover in the heavy dew.

"So you got him," said the sergeant. "What else did you get?"

"Tanks. There's dozens of them on the road five miles back."

Beard did not introduce Dugal to his captain, he made his report with customary clarity and brevity. He always took the shortest route to his objective.

"They'll attack (*Continued on page* 52)

Illustrated by S. Tresilian

THE fisherman stared and laughed; he reached over to get the dog and heaved him aboard

Old Tales Re-told

Christian Ross—
The "Pretty Dragoon"

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

They were often in each other's company, however, vying with each other in equestrian feats and physical exercises

IN this man-made world of ours, woman has always had a long and arduous struggle to break the chains in which she has been fettered since time immemorial. Nevertheless, the so-called weaker sex has often succeeded in outwitting male mastery by the use of subtle strategy, thus forcing her way into the sphere so closely guarded by man. Some have achieved it by virtue of their birth and circumstances. Those in high positions found it easier to assert their personality upon the world; but the woman of humble obscurity, as a general rule, found her way barred by masculine prejudice and selfishness.

To-day, however, things are different. After so many centuries of repression women have at last come into their own; they are winning victory after victory in the war between the sexes, and are now sharing equally with men the privileges of the human race.

Those who rose to prominence in the past were usually not so remarkable for intellectual qualities as for the fortitude with which they endured their lot. Frequently they had to struggle hard to achieve the freedom necessary to accomplish their task, and it was not uncommon for them to discard the insignia of their inferiority—namely, the petticoat—and assume masculine attire. The mere carrying out of such a bold masquerade must have required heroic courage. Consider, for instance, the dangers run by Loreta Velasquez in her adventurous military life. Follow the struggles of Mary Ann Talbot, alone in the rough company of men. Try to imagine the superhuman fortitude shown by Anna Snell when, driven by certain circumstances, she enlisted in the Army in 1745, disguised as a man.

Richard Welsh, one of her employees, soon began to betray a strong attachment to his mistress, and eventually they were married

Unjustly condemned to 600 lashes, she endured 500 of them on her bare back, keeping her breasts covered with a handkerchief in order to hide her true sex. The barbarous punishment would have been stopped at once if she had been discovered to be a woman; but as this would have compromised her plans, the handkerchief remained in place.

Let us single out another of these resolute daughters of Eve and tell the story of her amazing adventures.

Her name was Christian Ross, and she was born in Dublin in the year 1667. Her father was a wealthy farmer who had over twenty servants in his employment. The girl, nicknamed Kit for short, grew up strong and healthy, and when she reached the age of adolescence showed very plainly that her predilection was for physical sports in preference to intellectual attainments. She could ride bare-back, hunting and jumping fences; and at the age of sixteen, when she was already a well-developed young woman, she much preferred to turn somersaults down a hillside, for the amusement of lookers-on, than to join in the Sunday morning church parade.

Her father, who was a strong supporter of the Stuart cause, would often leave his farm to help organise new forces for the rebels, and on returning to the farm for short periods, he would sometimes be accompanied by Captain Bordeaux, a young French officer.

It was noticeable that the Frenchman appeared to hold little attraction for Kit; while he in his turn was not stirred by the bright eyes and shapely figure of the farmer's daughter. They were often in each other's company, however, vying with each other in equestrian feats and physical exercises.

In 1691 her father died and the French officer was killed in battle. It was discovered that Captain Bordeaux had masqueraded as a man.

This revelation made a deep impression on Kit, and probably it had some influence on her subsequent course of action.

ON the death of her father, she went to live with her aunt, and there she made the acquaintance of her young cousin, a student of theology at Dublin College. This future hope of the Church was not slow in realising the charms of the exuberant and shapely Kit, then twenty-four years old. With the pretext of becoming her spiritual adviser, he tried hard to awaken signs of amorous response in her. Finally, by means of promising marriage and eternal love, he persuaded her to give him the supreme proof of her trust. But this, instead of cementing their relationship, produced the very opposite effect. Kit was repelled and they parted. Fortunately for her, the episode was not followed by embarrassing consequences—a

miracle in the light of future developments, for the enterprising student was destined to increase his flock by not less than sixteen children!

Soon afterwards Kit's aunt died suddenly, and the girl took possession of her legacy—a place of entertainment. This new interest served to obliterate from her mind the memory of her first unsavoury connection with the opposite sex.

A man employed in the establishment, one Richard Welsh, soon began to betray a strong attachment to his new mistress. Kit, still in a state of moral virginity, was at first shy and reluctant; but gradually she responded, and eventually married him. For a while all went well. Socially Richard Welsh was beneath his wife, but he never took advantage of the fact that marriage entitled him to exert authority over her. Kind, affectionate and patient, he worked hard and looked after his wife and family with an interest that makes all the more amazing the subsequent happenings of their strange life together.

One morning he went out to pay an account of fifty pounds to Alderman Brewer, with whom the Welshes did business, and this day was to prove the turning point of Kit's career. She waited a long time for her husband's return, but he did not come back. Subsequent inquiries elicited the fact that he had undoubtedly visited Alderman Brewer and paid the account in full; and that he had then vanished in the company of a man quite unknown to the alderman. Kit was positive that only some strange accident could have prevented Richard's return. His faithfulness and devotion to her were beyond question, and their long association together held only sweet memories. Month after month went by without producing any clue to the mystery, but Kit never abandoned hope of being reunited to him.

At long last a letter came from him. After a brief preamble, it read as follows:

It was my misfortune, when I went out to pay the alderman the fifty pounds, to meet Ensign C———m, who, having formerly been my schoolfellow, would accompany me to the alderman's house, from whence we went, at his request, and took a hearty bottle at the tavern, where he paid the reckoning. Having a little too much wine in my head, I was persuaded to go on board a vessel that carried recruits and take a bowl of punch, which I did in the captain's cabin where, being pretty well intoxicated, I was not sensible of what was doing upon deck. In the interim, the wind sprang up fair, the captain set sail with what recruits we had on board, and we had so quick a passage that we reached Helvoet Sluis before I had recovered from the effects of the liquor. It is impossible for me to paint the despair I was in, finding myself thus divided from my dear wife and children, landed on a strange shore and without money or friends to support me. I raved, tore my hair and cursed my drunken folly which had brought me to this terrible misfortune, which I thought in vain to remedy by getting a ship to carry me back; but there was none to be found. The ensign, who possibly did not intend me this injury, did all he could to comfort me, and advised me to make a virtue of necessity and take on in some regiment. My being destitute and unknown compelled me to follow his advice, though with the greatest reluctance, and I am now, much against my inclination, a private sentinel in Lord Orrery's regiment of foot, where I fear I must spend the remainder of my wretched life under the deepest affliction of being deprived of the comfort I enjoyed while blessed with you and my dear babies. If providence in his mercy does not relieve me—the hopes of which, and of once more embracing those who alone engross my tenderest affection—you, my dearest Christian, and poor children, make me endeavour to support my misfortune and preserve a life which without you would be too miserable to be worth the care of your

Unfortunate, but ever loving husband,
RICHARD WELSH.

She turned and fixed her gaze on a soldier of the escort who was engaged in a conversation with a rather tawdry local belle

The amazement and perplexity caused by this news did not last long in Kit's resourceful mind. Gradually a plan began to form. Why should she be compelled to submit to a cruel and indefinite separation? If Richard could not come to her, she would go to *him*.

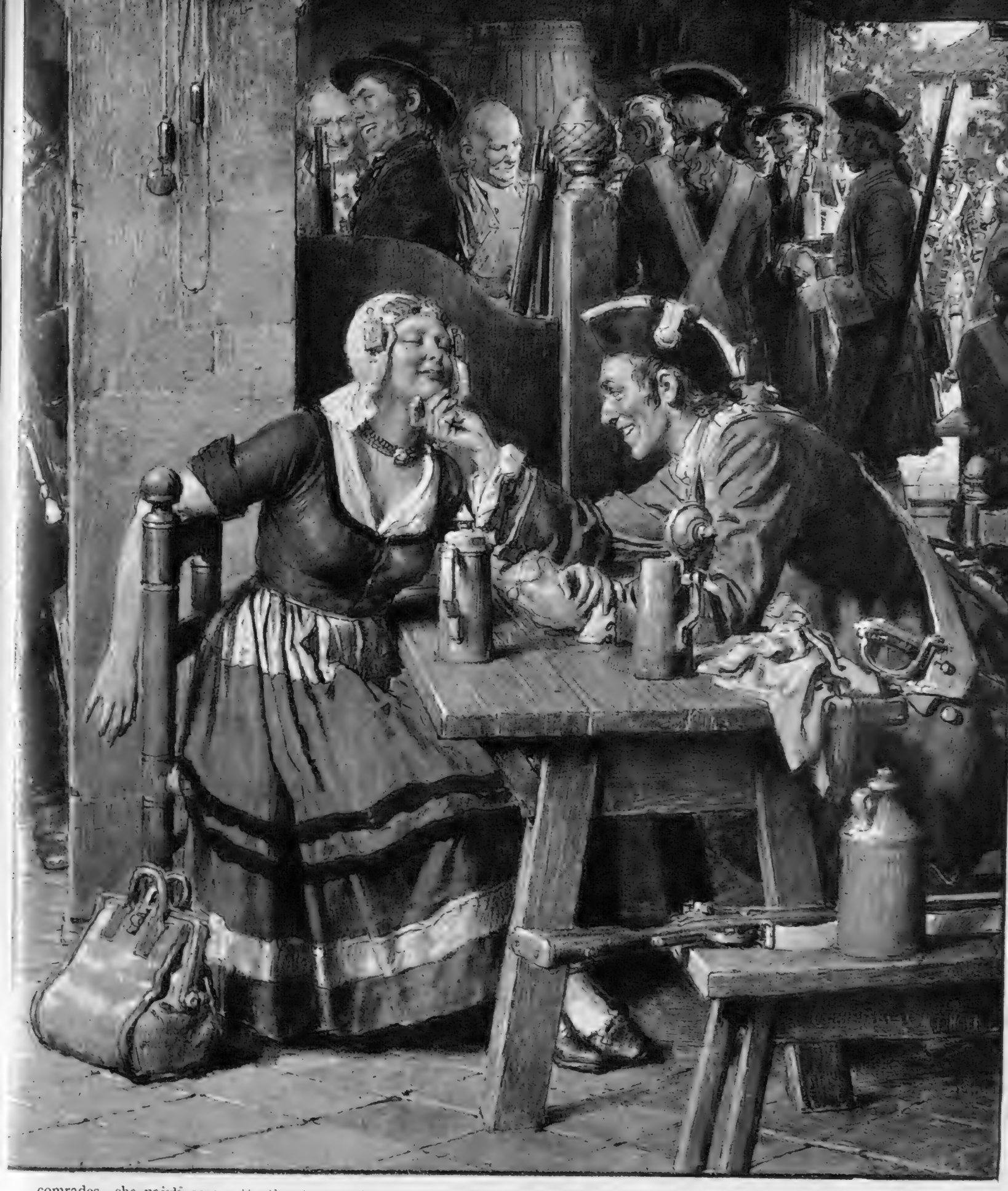
NOW for a solitary woman at that time to undertake a journey abroad was almost impossible, so Kit decided to go disguised as a man. She disposed of the lease of her premises, left her two daughters in the care of a nurse and bought herself a complete masculine outfit. She quilted the waistcoat so that her feminine shape would not be too apparent, sewed a wad of money inside the breeches and cut off her hair. Then, with a silver-hilted sword at her side, she set out on her great adventure.

She went straight to the Golden Last, where there was a recruiting meeting, and she was enrolled at once. At that time a willing recruit was rarer than rubies, and the inspection for physical fitness did not go further than ascertaining whether the candidate had both arms and both legs! She was enrolled in a regiment of foot under the command of the Marquis de Pisare. After a short period of training, the new draft crossed the water to Holland and marched to Landen.

Kit's good behaviour earned her the honour of becoming guard of the bedchamber to the Elector of Hanover. In that capacity she was obliged to close an eye to the nocturnal visits of a dark-haired beauty to the royal chamber.

She was *en route* at this time to the encampment of the regiment of her elusive husband.

However, before she could reach her destination, hostilities broke out between Marlborough and the French Army. In the engagement which ensued she was wounded by a stray bullet. The injury was not serious, but she was delayed, and taken prisoner by the French. All the time she was harassed by the fear that an inspection would reveal her sex; but a timely exchange of prisoners was instrumental in bringing her back to her regiment, now in Gorcum. There, in order not to seem different from her



comrades, she paid some attention to the daughter of a burgher.

This over-diligent impersonation of a gallant redcoat involved her in an adventure which she did not anticipate. A sergeant, attracted by the beauty of Kit's girl friend, made her a proposal of a dishonourable nature, and Kit found herself compelled by the dictates of chivalry to defend the maiden's honour by fighting a duel with the sergeant. Swords were crossed, and Kit dexterously inflicted a slight but conspicuous wound on her opponent. The sergeant was taken to hospital and Kit to gaol. The maiden's father showed his gratitude by getting Kit released from detention, but this infraction of discipline caused her to be transferred to Lord John Hay's regiment of Dragoons, afterwards called the Scots Greys.

The change proved welcome, for she had a thorough knowledge of horsemanship, and the uniform suited her so well that she came to be known as the "Pretty Dragoon."

She took part in the famous siege of

Namur ; and when, after months of campaigning, she was enjoying a well-deserved rest in winter quarters became the heroine of an amazing adventure redolent of a French farce of the naughty nineties.

A young woman of easy virtue fell in love with the " Pretty Dragoon." The latter, well aware that an association with the damsel would be no mere matter of words, manifested complete indifference. Refusal only made the woman redouble her efforts, and when rewarded with failure, she turned bitter and sought revenge for the slight to her affections by publicly denouncing the adamant Dragoon as the father of her child that was soon to be born. When Kit Welsh knew that this honour was attributed to *her*, she could not refrain from laughter ; but common-sense stopped her from any impulsive action and for the time being turned a deaf ear to the sensational accusation. When the child came to be born, the rejected siren sued the Dragoon for its maintenance. Kit had to appear in court, and, without demur she accepted responsibility. Regularly she paid the weekly allowance, but the baby did not live long, and the " Pretty Dragoon " gained a manly reputation that could not leave any doubt as to her sex !

The fall of Dixmude and the peace that followed caused Kit to be discharged from the Army. She forsook her uniform for civilian clothes, and managed at last to get back to Dublin. She was not happy, for she had failed in her avowed intention of finding her husband. She was worried, too, by the necessity of earning sufficient money to provide for her children. This kept her from resuming her domestic life, and almost five years elapsed before she reappeared again in the limelight.

The reopening of hostilities between France and England in 1702 stirred her with the desire to resume the beloved uniform of the Scots Greys. Again she went campaigning and fought bravely ; again she was wounded—this time in the hip, which forced her to adopt every sort of subterfuge in order to keep her secret from the surgeon who extracted the bullet. She must have sighed with relief when she found herself safely back in the saddle again.

She emerged unscathed from the battle of Blenheim, and took part in the ravaging of Bavaria, which she describes herself as an orgy of ruthless pillage and slaughter : " We spared nothing, killing, burning and destroying all that we could not carry off."

When a number of prisoners was marching along a country road on the way to Breda, the column reached an inn, halted, and the escort went in, accompanied by a crowd of onlookers. At that time an army on the march was invariably followed by a trail of persons of both sexes —camp followers, traders, gipsies and women of doubtful character. Corporal John, as Kit was now called, happened to be in the inn at the same time. Amongst the general din her ear caught suddenly the tones of a voice that almost caused her heart to stop beating. She turned and fixed her gaze on a soldier of the escort who was engaged in conversation with a rather tawdry local belle. Was this Richard, or did her imagination deceive her ?

The resemblance was certainly striking, but the voice was unmistakable. Though sunburnt and toughened by the hardships of a soldier's life, it was her husband beyond all doubt.

The intimate nature of his conversation with the woman should certainly have been discussed *sub rosa* ; as it was, Corporal John overheard every word of it. She restrained her first impulse to fury, and (*Continued on page* 68)

At the hospital of Meldert she underwent a successful operation, and during the period of unconsciousness had been undressed—and the secret, concealed so long and so cleverly, was at last revealed

Sleuth *of the* Sea

Even the Most Amateur Detective can Justify himself by Solving the Mystery

By R. H. Watkins

MR. GAGE had the solving of what he called the "or else" mystery laid in his lap at La Guayra.

His ship, the *Henrietta MacLeod*, was waiting placidly at anchor for her turn alongside the jetty when it happened. Having been at sea since his fourteenth year Mr. Gage knew placidity in a ship was the forerunner of hurricanes, reduced freight rates, dyspepsia in skippers and other convulsions of nature.

But his prescience did not extend to regarding with personal alarm the visit to the *Henrietta MacLeod*, of the master and mate of the smaller MacLeod line freighter *Doris M. MacLeod*. He merely noted that a stupendous cataclysm must have occurred.

Nothing else would cause Captain Hall and First Officer Knapp of the *Doris M.* to walk together. As quartermasters they had been buddies. Hall had finally got his command. Knapp had not. A swelled head versus jealousy; unnecessary commands versus unnecesssary retorts. Fireworks! The closer the farther. They parted brass rags, split tacks and were otherwise about each other.

"Something of size has happened on the *Doris M.*," Mr. Gage said to himself. "It's like a white blood corpuscle having a drink with a strep—streptococcus bug."

Proud of his erudition, he passed along the observation to ungrateful shipmates. Thus lightly did he regard the matter.

It was only when he was summoned to his Old Man's office that he saw trouble coming his way like a white squall to westward. Second mates are called in by masters for anything but pleasant purposes.

"Mr. Gage," said Captain Rumson, his Old Man, "the *Doris M.* is experiencing a mysterious amount of sabotage."

"She had rats and—other things when I was in her as third, sir," said Mr. Gage. "There was a time there in the hot weather when we were bound North out o' B.A. when I thought they'd——"

Captain Rumson held up his hand. "Niggling sabotage, Mr. Gage," he said. "Cargo spoiled, an anchor and three shots of chain lost by unshackling at night, chemicals in the chief's boiler water, the radio tampered with at a time when it was needed to get bearings from shore stations, fire in the paint locker—that sort of thing."

It sounded somewhat like carelessness and alibis mixed to Mr. Gage. But with the eyes of Captain Hall and First Officer Knapp of the *Doris M. MacLeod* on him Mr. Gage merely tut-tutted mournfully. He looked with longing towards the door. They waited.

"Cargo gear?" he asked to fill the gap.

"No," said Captain Hall. "No damage to that."

"The—uh—technical knowledge necessary seems to indicate the criminal is an officer," Captain Rumson said.

"An officer is right," said Mr. Knapp loudly.

"An officer—undoubtedly," fat Captain Hall snapped. His breathing was a succession of snorts.

They glared at each other, the captain and mate of the *Doris M.*

"An officer, sir," said Mr. Gage gravely. It was the most non-committal thing he could think of.

"The situation has become so grave that Captain Hall fears the line may possibly lay up or sell the ship to avoid further loss. He is desperate."

That last word interested Mr. Gage.

"I thought a master of many years service got a fat—a generous pension when laid off," said Mr. Knapp in his loud voice.

IT seemed to Mr. Gage next morning that the "Doris M." from stem to stern was lined with hostile eyes

Captain Hall scowled at his mate. "I'm desperate anyhow. Furthermore, I'm good for ten years more at sea."

"Any Nazis in her?" asked Mr. Gage.

Mr. Knapp grinned.

"The chief engineer is a member of a sect opposed to war preparations," said Captain Hall, heaving a fat sigh. "And what cargo isn't for war? He doesn't like to carry even food cargoes, cotton, tin, almost anything. And the second mate's name is Bauer. In fact," the shipmaster added petulantly, stabbing his mate with his eye, "there isn't a man on the ship I'd trust; not one!"

Mr. Knapp grinned again. "One of Bauer's ancestors fought in the revolution," he said.

"Who says so?" asked Mr. Gage.

"Bauer says so and he's always pining to prove it on the point of your jaw," Knapp answered.

"That's pugilism, not gen—genealogy," Mr. Gage said.

"You're not here to make chatter, Mr. Gage," Rumson said. "I have told Captain Hall that I shall be glad to lend you to the *Doris M.* to solve this mystery. But don't be all year about it."

The sweat that a Venezuelan sun had failed to squeeze out of Mr. Gage's body now bedewed his brow. His blue eyes were shadowed.

"Me, sir?" he protested. "I don't want to be loaned. I'm no detective! I——"

"I am told by my owner that you have brains," said Captain Rumson tartly. "Mr. MacLeod has called you a sea serpent in my presence."

The Old Man stopped talking to look pointedly at Mr. Gage, with his apologetic mien, meagre form and untidy clothes. "You must have something besides a long tongue. Therefore I am exchanging you for an officer from the *Doris M.*

"He's wily," added Rumson to Captain Hall. "Also sort of undulating, for a seagoing man." He indicated Mr. Gage's wiry form with an impolite forefinger. "Like spaghetti," he added.

"But, sir——"

"Of course you can't solve it," said the Old Man impatiently. "Who found out who was broaching our cargo? That's what you're good for. Only my advice to you is to solve it fast or I'll recommend you for the New Orleans-West Coast of S.A. run."

"But, sir," Mr. Gage said, "I have a baby—and a wife, too—in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn."

"I don't care if you've got twins in Harlem," said the Old Man. "Solve it!"

Mr. Gage made a flank assault. "Sir," he said, "to do any real detecting I'd need to rank high. I'd need to be mate of her."

Mr. Knapp did not explode. "That's O.K. with me, sir," he said to Captain Hall. "This thing is bigger than my job or even your pension."

Captain Hall accepted his mate's sacrifice without comment. He was looking at Mr. Gage quite as critically as had Captain Rumson. These two masters were sticking together.

"I'll put up with him, then," he said to Rumson. "You fix it with New York, Captain, and thanks. Send him along in the morning."

Mr. Gage looked around. He was ganged upon and surrounded. He was a burnt offering to avert the wrath of the front office.

AT the first sound of that warning yell he leaped five feet and flung himself flat on the deck

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

"You're promoted," said his Old Man. "Temporarily. Don't try to string your berth along. But solve it or——"

Mr. Knapp grinned a third time. "Or else," he suggested crudely. It was plain Knapp didn't like him, either. Gage regretted that Mr. MacLeod, the owner, had once said a kind word about him.

IT seemed to Mr. Gage next morning that the *Doris M.*, from stem to stern was lined with hostile eyes. They went through him as the prongs of a fork would go through soup on a starvation ship. Certainly every man in her knew Mr. Gage's mission and believed Mr. Gage ready to pin the crimes on him. All hands looked capable of far more than niggling sabotage to Mr. Gage. He had enough suspects to stock a crime wave.

Captain Hall didn't help. He bellied up to the bridge rail. "Start now," he said and waited, as if expecting Mr. Gage instantly to thrust out the finger of accusation at one or all of his crew.

It was plain that Captain Hall, like Captain Rumson, regarded detection as he might regard juggling—impossible for real people but no trick to a man sappy enough to waste time on it.

Mr. Gage wished himself back aboard the *Henrietta* and did what he could to save his life. Sedulously he avoided even looking at any of the hypersensitive crew. Instead he devoted himself to a rigorous inspection of the ship herself for indications of sabotage.

Even so, when he wandered about the deck Mr. Bauer, the gigantic second mate, followed him. "Go on, why don't you ask me if I'm a Nazi?" Mr. Bauer asked.

Down in the engine-room it was worse. The place was cleaner than any other engine-room Mr. Gage had seen. But Mr. Clintock, the chief engineer, attended him closely, muttering to himself and not about engines either. Finally, as Mr. Gage made his getaway, Mr. Clintock called him a sinful man of war and deceit.

One thing in particular worried Mr. Gage. Though cargo gear is vulnerable, accessible and productive of most spectacular and unnerving accidents, the list of the *Doris M's.* tribulations contained no attempt on it.

Mr. Gage began inspecting cargo gear in the belief that the lightning might strike there next.

He found he had time to inspect it. When the ship was through working coffee and ready to move away from the jetty Mr. Gage hurried forward to the chief mate's position. Mr. Bauer was on the forecastle head.

"Keep detecting, you," said Mr. Bauer. He jerked a clublike thumb aft. "I'm handling Knapp's work. You're detective officer, not deck, in this wagon. Go on: detect! My grandfather's first name was Sigmund. So what?"

Mr. Gage consulted the master. "That's right," said Captain Hall. "We'll work the ship to New York. You stick to your own job. Haven't you found out anything yet?"

"I've found out I don't like the job," said Mr. Gage.

He meant it. The *Henrietta*, which made no calls after La Guayra, would beat the *Doris M.* north. It was tough. He had in Brooklyn a nice wife and a baby who was slowly beginning to look like a human being. He needed his berth. The combined displeasure of Captains Rumson and Hall, plus a failure in detection, would do him no good with the front office. He knew he didn't look as a ship's officer is supposed to look and he figured he had to be at least three times as good as any young fellow who looked tough under a watchcap. An attempt to explain this to Captain Hall met with rebuff.

"Stow the gab," said the master. "Chatter's one of your failings, I understand. I'll have none on my bridge. Get off it!"

Mr. Gage spent a whole wakeless night in his bunk, instead of dropping into deep sleep till four a.m. and then doing four hours on the bridge with the dawning day, as befits a chief officer. The Old Man was splitting his bridge watch with the other officers.

The *Doris M.* plodded north with a spray of diamond drops and an escort of flying fish on either side of her stem.

Mr. Gage found he had an escort, too; Captain Hall himself this time. He fairly breathed down the back of Mr. Gage's neck while he searched for clues. Mr. Gage breathed back down the captain's neck and eyed his every movement out of half-closed eyes until Hall retreated, snorting, to the bridge. A minor victory.

Before the sun had quit blistering the paint on the steel well-deck Mr. Gage found something to reward him. It was a shackle, part of the cargo gear of number two hold, in which the pin had been hacksawed almost through and the gap concealed with a dark mixture of grease and iron filings. In any strain that shackle would let go.

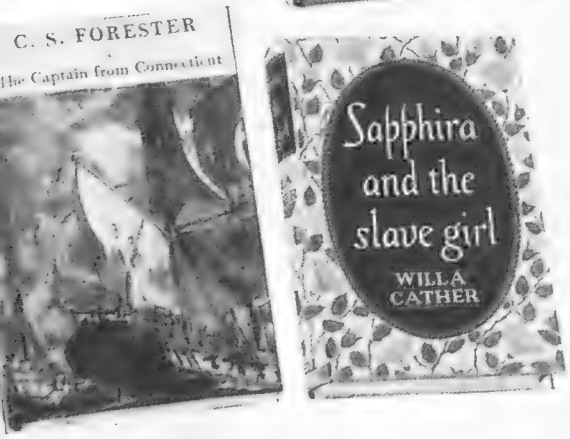
Nobly, at the (*Continued on page* 58)

BOOKS: *Reviewed by* Noel Thompson

IT must be almost a burden to have written a book of which five million copies have been sold. Henceforth in comparison everything you produce must seem puny. Erich Maria Remarque wrote "All Quiet On The Western Front" and caught the tide of anti-war feeling. His latest book "Flotsam" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) deals with the fate of those people without a passport or nationality, the refugees expelled from their country, robbed of that invaluable piece of cardboard without which their lives became one hopeless trek without one single permanent feature except perhaps poverty and homelessness.

Time has moved so quickly that this book is dated, but I found it none the less fascinating. It is a theme which might have been dealt with in a big way, running to great length and revelling in tragedy, but personally I prefer Remarque's handling, no over-dramatisation, a little humour and plenty of uncoloured reality. There is the kindness among fellow refugees, and kindness which comes occasionally even from their professed enemies, to lighten their almost inevitable lot. His Steiner is a grand character with the philosophy of a great man, and his hero, Kern, half Jewish, and his heroine Ruth have a completely natural appeal. The cardsharp, the Aryan who gives Kern a boxing lesson in jail, the sorrowful father of all the refugees, the amusement caterer in the Prater in Vienna, are grand minor characters. Then the picture of life in Paris, last refuge of the refugees. Yes, I recommend this book. And one final memory, of Steiner, having taken money at cards off the Austrian frontier guards, being put secretly over the border, and promising to be caught by the Swiss so that he will be put back again next night and be able to give the Austrians a chance to get their revenge! He keeps his promise.

MOVING on about a year, Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek reveals what China has done since the "incident" against the Japanese started in 1937. This book, "China Shall Rise Again" (Hurst and Blackett, 12s. 6d.), is truly remarkable. First, for a book which is so crammed with facts, it is so easy to read, and next for its accurate analysis of the Chinese character and nation. She blinks no facts. She pillories the seven deadly sins, self-seeking, "face," cliquism, defeatism, inaccuracy, lack of self-discipline, and evasion of responsibility. These, she admits, are not peculiar to China, and in that she is very, very right. Then she gives reports from the experts detailing what has been done despite war in the realms of finance, industrialisation (70,000 tons of factory machinery moved bodily to safety), in production, in road-making (1,600 miles of good road in two years), in education, and finally in all the fighting services. It is a vast record of astonishing achievements which—and I emphasise the strain of war—are staggering. And finally the revolution of thought which the New Life Movement has brought about, and the tremendous part played by Chinese women. This book is a living record, and an eye-opener.



Two Views on Life

TWO books about artists, one written by a woman who combined married life with her career, and the other dealing entirely with the Bohemian side in Paris provide an interesting contrast and also considerable parallels.

Stella Bowen was born in Australia and brought up in a rather Victorian atmosphere which for years she could not forget. In "Drawn from Life" (Collins, 12s. 6d.) she describes herself as rather a shy, timid person, who took the plunge of coming to London to study art at the age of eighteen. Her first initiation into the Bohemian life of Chelsea was in war time. There she mingled with a self-important pacifist group of poets; the horror of the air raids sounds trivial compared with modern raids. It is after she meets Ford Maddox Ford, then a soldier, whom to her own surprise she fell in love with and married, that the book really gets going.

House hunting in Paris, flat hunting in the South of France, renting studios, cottages, picturesque rather than practical, cooking, looking after their baby, using her energy to inspire her literary husband at the cost of her own work, and never with any place to call home for more than a few months—this makes a good story, sprinkled as it is with artists' parties and meetings with famous people. And there is an excellent passage about America, including a visit to Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis.

IN "Artist Quarter" (Faber and Faber, 18s.) Charles Douglas gives a full history of Montparnasse and Montmartre, building it round the life of Amedeo Modigliani, that erratic genius who became a Prince of wild Bohemians. The famous Lapin à Gill and the Rotonde, where Utrillo, Van Dongen, Dorgelés, Picasso and a score of other artists used to meet, and most of the haunts now destroyed, are accurately described with plenty of atmosphere of hashish and opium, of absinthe and brandy. Dealers, who picked up pictures for five francs which now would be worth thousands (and usually lost them later), the celebrated *grisettes*, the birth of Cubism, the wild parties and escapades, all are woven in to a lively book about a quarter which surely can never be revived.

RETURNING to the West, what of our own women, and more particularly the wives of the gallant heroes of the R.A.F.? Kay Carroll, is one such wife, and in "Compass Course" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) she gives a very good picture of their life in both peace and war, of the strain and stress, the constant moving, the lack of consideration for younger officers' wives, the snobbishness (sometimes), the parties, the domestic worries. In fact this is a guide-book for all young wives and girl friends of the R.A.F. There is plenty of humour and some first-class characterisation. This is a book for women which men can and will enjoy as much as I did.

(*Continued on page 62*)

On Duty—and Off

THEY tell us there is a shortage of bottles and jars for creams and lotions. Well, they could save themselves a lot of headaches if every beauty parlour set up a filling service for dressing-cases. Each client would bring in her own dressing-case or her dressing-table set and get the jars and bottles filled with the preparations she uses.

Lipsticks are more precious than jewels in these days, but if you blot your lipstick after you have first applied it it will last just about six times as long as usual. Keep a cleaning tissue for this purpose, put the tissue on your lower lip, press your lips together and keep a little make-up rag for trimming up the edges. Cleaning tissues are also hard to come by, so save them for your lipstick and use soft Turkish towelling or squares of old linen sheets or huckaback towels that have had to be retired from the linen cupboard and keep them for taking off cold cream.

To make your skin food do double service buy a small bottle of almond oil from the chemist and stir one or two teaspoonfuls of this oil into your pot of cold cream. Use an orange stick to mix in the oil. If you can get spit black for your eyelashes you are a luckier woman than I am and when you do get it you will find that you can prolong its life and utility by keeping a tiny bottle of ordinary castor oil and a little extra eyelash brush. Put one tiny smear of oil on your eyelash brush and treat your eyelashes to a good brush before you apply the spit black. I could give you a hundred and one tips of this kind but these are all I am going to part with for now.

By *Jane Gordon*

OFF DUTY Life for the London housekeeper ranges from the grim to the ridiculous. For instance, house books are too grim for words and those peculiar eggs with the peculiar smell are utterly ridiculous. Nowadays, when my weekly egg appears I inquire as to what its national anthem may be and unless it is *God Save The King* the egg returns to the kitchen. It happens that our house has a strange knack of attracting incendiary bombs. So far these have done comparatively little damage but they have complicated the problem of clothes and house linen. It is all very well if an incendiary smashes a window or two and blitzes ceilings, carpets and bits of furniture, but when it attacks a few hundred coupons' worth of vintage clothes then the situation becomes serious. Our linen cupboard is on the top landing and it took my housemaid one whole afternoon demonstrating the angle at which incendiary bombs struck our roof before she could persuade me that the linen cupboard was in a safe enough position to allow it to be restocked. For £10 12s. 1½d. Robinson and Cleaver did me proud. I got three pairs of hard-wearing, good-looking cotton sheets for the staff, six pillow cases to match, one dozen of the best quality glass cloths, a dozen kitchen cloths, a dozen check dusters and a dozen yellow dusters and two dozen nice little guest towels. If the representatives of the Third Reich will leave these alone I consider this money well spent.

One of the loveliest women I know had teeth that were more useful than ornamental. A few months ago she changed her dentist and now her teeth are as good-looking as the rest of her. The dentist told her that she had one or two dead teeth and that though he could not say that they were definitely doing her any harm, it was possible that her health would improve if she had them extracted. This she did, and in their place she has the newest thing in dentures. Each tooth has a little gold mount which looks rather like the gold mountings that jewellers use for interchangeable jewellery. It is quite impossible for any one to know which teeth have been replaced, and the rest of her teeth look ten times better than they have ever done before.

Having been put on a course of iron tonics, I was not too pleased with the looks of my own teeth, so I plucked up courage and paid this particular dentist a visit. In the first place he told me that iron tonics are bound to discolour the teeth and cause cavities even if they are taken through a glass tube or a straw. There is, however, a perfectly simple antidote which will protect your teeth. One teaspoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia used as a mouth rinse will do the trick. You simply hold the magnesia in your mouth, swill it round your teeth, emit it and rinse afterwards with warm water. This should be done, of course, after each dose of iron tonic. He said if only doctors and chemists would have their iron tonics labelled with these instructions a lot of dental trouble would be obviated.

THE other day I was invited to a cocktail party in one of those charming little Knightsbridge dolls' houses which back on the park. While talking to Anita Bodley, who was my hostess, I discovered that she runs a little dress shop and that the showroom is actually her own drawing-room. She described her business as Impromptu Dress Designing and she either designs clothes specially for each client or else re-jigs last year's dress or coat into this season's model. What I heard at the cocktail party intrigued me so much that I took the trouble to go back again next morning and discover more. I saw three little day dresses in the making that, had finance or coupons permitted, I would have ordered there and then for myself. One was a severely tailored dress in nigger brown and black jersey. The front of the dress was nigger brown and the back and the long sleeves with tiny wristbands were black jersey. The dress had a shirt top and a pencil-slim skirt with slit pockets and a black patent belt. Then there was a pale golden beige woollen dress with a swing skirt which had an inverted pleat back and front. The bodice had a most intriguing back with two inverted pleats which formed one deep "V" from each shoulder to the waistline. The front had plain inverted pleats and a small roll collar. The sleeves were exactly the same shape as those on the black and brown jersey. The third dress was a pale grey wool. The skirt was straight and the bodice of the shirt-waist variety but with little nipped-in seams all round the waist and two large square hip pockets.

They also make the most enchanting undies here in that art silk which keeps its filmy freshness, refusing to get either sleazy or sticky. For two guineas you can get cami-knickers with scalloped piping and

(*Continued on page* 68)

BE FIT FOR WINTER

We must look to food, fresh air, and exercise as our sources of health this winter. All three are under our management, although all three are rationed. If food is meted out by coupons, shorter days curb the other two. But the less there is of any requirement, the more precious it becomes, the greater the benefit. For instance, none of us are feeding just as we please, yet every one is the better for it. That is partly because rationing has rationalised our way of living.

Now, rationalisation is going to step a pace closer, nor will there be a summer sun to make good any deficiency. So, in view of possible shortcomings and probable endurances, let us know just how to draw the most from our food, fresh air, and exercise.

To start with food: we none of us like rising from a meal with what we have eaten rattling round inside us. We like to get up feeling lined and invigorated, a sensation that depends on good digestion. And good digestion depends largely on the juices called forth to break down what we have eaten, juices that are excited by taste, which is why palatable food is so easily assimilated.

The flavour of every eatable must be conserved. Cook meat, especially small portions, in the oven, in a lidded casserole. Do the same, as far as is possible, with vegetables.

It is far more health-giving to eat cabbage as a course by itself, than as a second vegetable with potatoes. Potatoes and greens give rise to contending juices which create an acid. Cauliflowers, cooked whole, and passed through the sieve, make another satisfying solo soup, constituting a complete meal.

All town-dwellers should have window-boxes to grow radishes as well as shallots. They come up quickly, are appetising and full of vitamins. Mustard, of mustard and cress, can be grown on a piece of moist sacking on a tin tray. It can be cut for sandwiches within five days of sowing; contains vitamin A.

But you can warm yourself on the coldest day by the way in which you breathe. Inhale uttering the word "om." Empty the lungs first, cough up all the air in them, pressing the lower sides in with your hands, then draw the breath in on the sound "o"—right at the back of your throat—changing to "am," this widens and fills the lungs; now "u," which pushes the air down, and "m"—which closes the lips and pushes the air into the head against the brain. Do this before an open window.

This form of breathing, practised by the Yogis, is miraculously reviving: "Om" is the name of God or spirit of life. You draw it into you.

As to exercise: you will, of course, seize every opportunity you can of getting out, especially at week-ends.

The inclination in winter is to huddle round any stove or fire with hunched shoulders which effectively stop proper breathing, clench veins and arteries, and result in a sluggish, half-poisoned circulation. Hence the deposit of all kinds of acid secretions in the tissues and bone-sockets, leading to rheumatism. Set your will against this. Vow to take a brisk ten minutes' walk daily.

Morning exercises are generally a bore and many of us have no time even for the excellent ones broadcast at 7.45 a.m. But at any odd moment during the day you can do the following simple exercise. Throw your head back, back, as far as it will go. Drop it forward slackly on to your chest. Bring it up. Turn it round to the right side, without straining, then to the left side. Looking straight ahead, drop the head towards the right shoulder, then to the left shoulder. This will grind down the deposits at the top of the spine. To settle those at the base of the spine, lie flat and straight.

Another easy exercise which, of course, must be done at home, but it is a quickie, and besides breaking up any pelvic stiffness and settling secretions at the base of the spine, the movement strengthens the muscles of the abdomen, and is one of the few exercises indispensable for maintaining a flat stomach and reasonable health. Lie flat on the floor. Bring the feet with straight knees up about eighteen inches from the ground. Lower gently, slowly. You'll feel the pull. Repeat several times.

Breathe properly, eat properly, exercise regularly and you will secure the waist of a greyhound, the digestion of a serpent, the resistance of an eel. In other words, a most enviable degree of winter fitness, just by rationing yourself to good habits.

These two exercises are included in the admirable Zena Daysh figure and health treatments, which combine posture exercise and massage.

They're Passé

Fashions in outlooks change no less than fashions in clothes. Right now, this country bears the burden of too many women whose viewpoint on life and the war is about as modish as a game of diabolo. They are passé.

There is no bore like the person living out of period. To do this with success you must have a Gaiety-girl part or be, in other ways, a character.

Pre-war women are as much off the wave length to-day as were those pre-last-war women who hid inside what they thought to be the citadel of femininity long long after that building had been torn down and willing hands had built a new and more exciting fortress.

In those turbulent times when women were shaping new ideals of working and living, how tedious she must have been, the insistently womanly woman, big-eyeing her way around, contrary, unpunctual, purposefully stupid, saying "No" to marriage proposals until the fourth asking. Obviously, emancipation for women set in on that night in the conservatory when some womanly, but unclairvoyant woman said no (meaning yes) and the man heard her the first time.

October Face

Twice a year faces look their worst. In April when the leaves burst bud, in October when they fall. Both these seasons are unbecoming to the skin. Sharp spring-light in April shows up the effect of winter sun-starvation; in October, the fading sun-glow without and within brings the same dejection. Cheeks flag, lids droop. There is no life in the complexion.

There's nothing for it but to take a long, grim analytical look at yourself in the glass and decide on action.

Complexion first, because skin radiance governs hair-style, eyebrow line, almost the shape of your mouth, certainly that of your contour.

Coat it with calamine lotion over-night. Next morning be lavish with skin food or hot olive oil. Then hold a flannel-covered hot-water bottle first to one side of your face, then the other, before plunging it and your neck into a towel wrung out in cold water. This sequence will work the oil in, close the pores over it, fill out parched skin and revive limp tissues. It is especially good for uncreasing the neck, and should be repeated several times a week. If you haven't time to do the soaking in the morning, use a solo evening at home for the performance, leaving the calamine on for a few hours, then do the rest before bed.

There is a semi-medical green camphor cream, for keeping the hands of surgeons smooth, which can be used with advantage on the neck; it irons out wrinkles. It is the one cream, too, that can be safely used over spots and abrasions. Because a great point to remember is that you cannot feed a skin that is erupting, or you will spread and intensify infection.

If you suffer from rashes or outcrops of pimples, harvests that are by no means rare in autumn, have calamine as a powder foundation by day, and leave your face free to the air by night.

For a slow or blind spot, a cold on the lip, dab on spirits of camphor, using the cork of the bottle as dabber. Swallow calcium tablets.

Apply Collins's Antiseptic on ordinary pimples, on abrasions, eczema, rashes. Try and procure tomato juice, celery, watercress. Eat these alone at 11 a.m. daily, till spots are cured. Put a half-teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a tumbler of water, and take as an alkalising drink occasionally.

Then, as a mask to lift out fatigue lines, you can stretch a piece of silk-knit—either old silk stocking or fine chemise—over your face and drench it in witch-hazel. Witch-hazel heals. The lift given by the silk-knit as it dries, is tremendous. If you can cut the material in the shape of a T, so that the down stroke is wide enough to cover the face and has slit eye-holes, and the two end pieces can pass up from underneath the chin and tie off above the head, fixing the face piece firmly in, the lift power will be twice as effective.

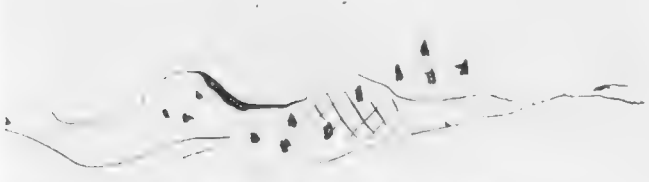
If you feel desperate about your skin, do try to have a good professional treatment. Pomeroy, who have just opened a new salon in Bond Street, give an excellent one which I commend.

Teeth will need to be brighter. Visit your dentist for a polish. If you can't, brush them with salt and peroxide, alternately, for two weeks. This will settle your smile.

Now your eyes. Vaseline or castor-oil along the roots of the lashes for longer ones, please. And if you thinned your eyebrows during summer face-glow, you will find that a lighter skin tone demands a heavier brow line. Grow them thicker, but be careful how you do so.

Eyebrows tend to bush downwards on to the eyes with increasing years. On a young face they are always high. So, still thin and pluck them from underneath, while brushing the top-line and encouraging growth. Shape—arch or straighten them—with even more care than when the line was very fine, and brush, oil and brush them to that line to make the rich curve that brings youth.

By Chrysis. **If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, Number One, New Oxford Street, W.C.1**



By Jean Burnup

The pre-war woman of to-day—she can be eighteen or forty-eight—hasn't budged an inch since the late nineteen-thirties when it was new to be Edwardian and softly, curvily feminine. Women played at being homey. They did petit point and practised the piano in full ruffled housecoats. Outward trappings were Edwardian hair, Victorian trinkets, crinolines, muffs, divinely foolish hats. You could almost see their shoulders begin to slope again. Remember!

That was all very pretty in the late nineteen-thirties. To-day it isn't worth the paper it's written on. But the passé woman carries it all bang into the battle-ground. She wants everything to be as it was, plus the frenetic excitement of the times. She is about as much use to a war-time community as a liqueur is to a thirsty man.

The younger of her kind are concerned with one thing: to have a Good time. Well, so far as this represents Normalcy and Escape, so good. Write it down under the heading of Maintaining Morale. Morale topples, however, when a good time, extremely important as part of the contemporary pattern of living, becomes the pattern.

I do not foam easily at the mouth, but mouth foaming swells to full tide when I hear of girls pulling strings to evade service, or of older women hotel squatting in safe areas, or of women fussing over alleged servant trouble, slow-service trouble, lack of make-up, a pet hairdresser called up, no black mascara, evacuee nuisances—well, you've heard it all before, this was where you came in.

Nobody in their senses would want us all to be war conscious all of the time, everybody wants women to stay feminine and pretty and gay, but how galling it must (*Continued on page* 65)

ONE ROOM-

People are living in odd places and under difficult conditions. Rooms which have to serve two purposes are familiar in many wartime homes and this is to show that their utility need not necessarily impair their comfort or their beauty

By Winifred Lewis

Rooms which compromise between one purpose and another were familiar to us before the war, but now that living conditions have become so difficult and often so restricted, the single-room with the double meaning is with us all the time.

To make one room fulfil the purpose of two is not easy unless you are starting from scratch, and buying your furniture with the double purpose in view. In most cases you have to make do with existing pieces and, with these as a basis, combine comfort and utility with as much spaciousness as possible, and still keep up the decorative standard.

Overcrowding is the big menace of the two-purpose room. In the endeavour to get everything in, it is easy to arrive at confusion. Nothing has its full value and the general character of the room is negative and dull.

The bed-sitting-room is the most familiar and perhaps the hardest sort of double-meaning room to contrive. You need the comfort of the full time sitting-room, the equipment of a bedroom plus a restful scheme. It calls for careful planning to combine these three.

In our photograph we have shown a bed-sitting-room where the compromise is successfully attained. The whole scheme was planned from scratch, which has obvious advantages over a situation where one has to use existing furniture, but there are useful lessons to be learnt from the simple yet charming fusion of several practical needs.

Everything that is required for both purposes has been incorporated in this scheme, yet there is no appearance of overcrowding. The divan bed is large and comfortable for night use and not at all irrelevant during the day. The low table with its lamp serves the purpose of a bedside table and helps, with the easy chair, to make up a comfortable fireside group. At the extreme end of the room the desk serves the dual purpose of a dressing-table, as the top lifts up to disclose a mirror. The cupboard on its left holds toilet articles, and the drawers on the right are used for personal papers.

The companionable charm of this room is largely provided by the spacious bookshelves which furnish the walls on each side of the window. The built-in fitment continues down the left-hand side of the room in useful cupboards where personal clothing and linen, as well as simple table appointments, are neatly stored away.

The colour scheme is a simple but forceful one, with deep cream distempered walls as a background to curtains and divan cover of rich red chintz figured with cream. String-coloured upholstery on the chairs and a natural wool rug against a fawn fitted carpet complete the colour story.

The scheme for a bed-sitting-room depends as much for its success upon what you leave out as upon what you put in. Every piece of furniture must serve a practical use, sometimes two, and in doing so should not have to sacrifice a fraction of its charm.

The living-room, which is also the dining-room, is not quite so hard to handle. The great problem is to provide a dining-table large enough for the use of the family without intruding upon the elbow room essential to a restful sitting-room.

In most cases the folding table, either a gate-leg or a Queen Anne flap design, is found to be best. This can be moved aside when meals are finished and becomes a decorative unit in the living-room scheme.

The L-shaped table designed to go into the corner of the room is a good idea. This is generally used with an upholstered bench which fits against the angle of the wall and dispenses with the use of small chairs.

These measures are for the smaller room where the dining function is kept in the background. In the bigger sort of room, such as the one sketched, it is possible sometimes to emphasise the dining-corner with very decorative results

The walls of this room are palest grey but the dining-corner is panelled off with a delicate figured wallpaper, showing soft yellow flowers on a grey groundwork. Curtains of reseda green are hung at each side of the paper panel and a pelmet runs round the corner at picture-rail level.

These curtains have no practical purpose, except to give a frame to the dining-corner which they do very effectively. The table lamp is green pottery, shaded with soft yellow, and all other appointments in this corner pick up the details of the colour scheme.

Perhaps the bathroom kitchen is the hardest proposition to handle, but many people are facing this essential compromise in wartime living quarters. The boxed-in bath is undoubtedly the best way out of this difficulty and can be done quite inexpensively with plywood.

If you have the least skill with a paint brush you can decorate the bath box yourself as our picture suggests, and if you cannot trust yourself to reproduce a decorative motif of some sort, there is always the transfer to get you out of the trouble.

To carry the decorative effect to a more dramatic conclusion, make a fitted cover for the top out of striped or flowered rubberised material. This can match the kitchen curtains and link up with the colour scheme. In passing it is a good thing to bear in mind the necessity of making curtains carefully and with perfect neatness now.

-DOUBLE MEANING

As a general rule, the double-purpose room should be simply decorated. Keep to clear, clean lines, simple backgrounds, and good colour harmonies to give cohesion. Avoid extraneous details to confuse the issue.

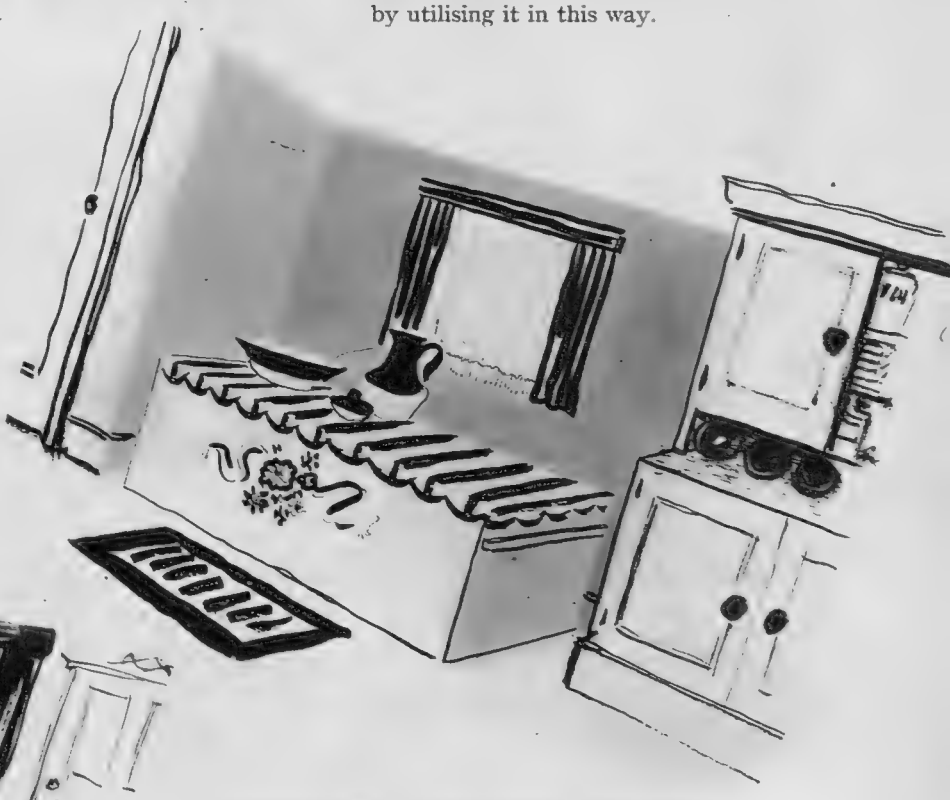
Generally speaking, a plain background is best. Figured fabric should be sparingly used to keep the issue as simple as possible. Figured curtains, for instance, should go with a plain carpet and, perhaps, a self-patterned upholstery.

In most cases there will be more than the average amount of furniture in the two-purpose room, and any overplus of detail either in equipment or decor will only lead to the appearance of crowding. Ample cupboard space is essential in this type of room.

Cupboards built into the recesses on either side of the chimney-breast are good. In a bed-sitting-room they will accommodate china and glass, toilet articles and linen. In the dining-living-room they make practical living space for table equipment and all those necessary objects that are normally allotted to the sideboard (which, incidentally, can be dispensed with). This recess, generally speaking, represents so much space and the comfort and usefulness of the room are enhanced by utilising it in this way.

Not only for the improvement which this makes in their appearance, but to be doubly assured of a tight black-out. Plenty of margin at the top, bottom and sides of the curtains is essential. No skimping. Rufflette tape used to gather the tops in conjunction with numerous hooks gives soft, even folds without the large gaps which often afflict curtains that are sewn with rings. Light steals out through these gaps and leads to endless complications after the curtains are finished and hung, but Rufflette tape is an insurance against this.

If the size and the lay-out of the kitchen allow it, the bath can be just simply hidden behind curtains which open out on a swivel, but there must be plenty of space for this arrangement.



A boxed-in bath for the kitchen which has to serve as a bathroom, too. The fitted cover is of rubberised fabric and matches the window curtains. (Left) A dining-alcove for the bigger sort of dining-room, only it is not an alcove. A contrasting wallpaper panel framed with curtains and a pelmet makes a background for the well-lighted table and decorative high-back chairs. (At top of page) Bed-sitting-room where the needs of sleeping and living comfortably are both fulfilled without either encroaching too obviously upon the other. Simple fittings, simple colours and no extraneous detail help to make a restful scheme.

Question time in the House

There is nothing so good as open discussion for home problems. Other views and other methods throw new light upon your own ideas. So here is a women's parliament of shared problems and answers, especially appropriate to these times.

Is there any good way of utilising coal dust and the residue left in the cellar?

Yes. Bind it together with equal parts of sawdust and clay. Bind with strong soda water. Don't use paraffin for this, but to replace firewood, soak one lump of coal in paraffin for twenty-four hours and put it in the centre of the pile before lighting.

My silver has to be stored. How can I prevent it getting tarnished?

Clean it first, then mix whitening to a paste with water and rub it all over the silver. Wait till it dries, then wrap each piece in paper and lay away in an old blanket or cloth.

What shall we do when pails and washing bowls wear out and the shops have none to replace them?

Paint a coat of enamel over the bottom of the pail or bowl. Cut a piece of calico to the exact shape of the bottom and lay it on the wet paint. Now paint over this freely. When it has quite dried add another coat. The thin bottom will be quite repaired and watertight.

Is there a way of conserving carpets and rugs so that their life is prolonged?

Yes. Turn carpets every three months so that the hard wear is evenly distributed. Shift stair-carpets so that edges at the turn of the step get a rest. Turn top to bottom if possible or move the carpet an inch or two up or down.

A Queen Anne bureau I have has developed wood worm. Is it possible to treat it at home or must I send it away?

If the trouble has only just begun, treat it yourself with benzine. Go over the wood with a brush. Repeat the treatment a few months later. Between times polish with a cream which takes off grease and polishes as well.

The walls of the country cottage we are living in show serious signs of damp. Can we treat them in any way?

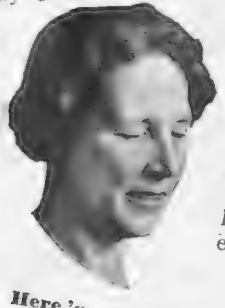
Easily. There is an invisible water-proof solution which can be painted or sprayed on either inside or out. It is quite economical. All the same, look for leaky gutters as a first step.

My grand piano may be out of use for some time. What steps can I take to preserve it?

Try to protect it from violently fluctuating temperatures. A good depository would be worth while, as they have central heating. Otherwise arrange to have a fire lighted in the room at regular intervals. Tuning regularly is an essential measure even though the instrument is out of use. Run the suction cleaner over the inside occasionally to prevent accumulations of dust.

Do fires have a grudge against me, or is it true that they light better for some people than for others?

No, it isn't true, but fires don't care for people who don't give them a chance. When you arrange the wood and paper don't pack it tightly. Allow space for air currents. Those sulky fires just can't breathe.



I have heard it said that potatoes can be used instead of suet. How?

Half the usual quantity of suet added to an equal quantity of raw, grated potato and mixed with a very little water makes a light crust. You could not substitute potato entirely for suet, but this method is good.

Here's another one about stored household goods. Can you keep moths and other insects out of blankets and sheets, and what about carpets?

Rub over the insides of the drawers in which you are keeping your household linens and blankets with a rag soaked in turpentine. This in addition to the moth balls. Sprinkle common Epsom salts in the carpets before you roll them up.

I loathe putting my hands in water. Is there any way to simplify common or garden dish-washing or am I too optimistic?

No, you are not. Buy a short length of rubber hose to fix to your hot tap. Add a metal spray nozzle to the end, and when you have arranged all the scraped-off dishes in the empty sink spray them with hot water. It's simple.

Is there a right way to store garden vegetables for the winter?

Definitely. Keep potatoes in a dark cellar and cover with straw to protect from frost. Light and damp wilts and withers them. Carrots, beetroots and parsnips are best stored in dry sand if you can get it. Again choose a dark cellar or cupboard.

We have been asked to economise gas and electric current this winter. I don't waste now, so how can I improve?

Use a three-tiered steamer for a start. It takes a little longer, but you can cook two vegetables and a pudding on one jet. Divided saucepans are another good idea. These come in two sections, which hook together, so in each case you deal with two items with the same amount of current as for one.

I have been collecting chicken feathers since I lived in the country. I should like to stuff some cushions. How do I treat the feathers?

Pick out the smallest, downy feathers if you can. If you have to use the larger ones, snip off every sharp point. This is tedious but necessary. Now put them into large paper bags and bake in the oven—a cool oven, of course. It may take a day or two thoroughly to dry them.

UGLY PLACES

Every home, even the most attractive, has its ugly places. Sometimes it is an architectural fault which cannot be improved without pulling the house down. Sometimes it is a piece of equipment which breaks in harshly among better-looking things. It may even be a piece of furniture that strikes an ugly note.

You are inclined to let these things go. You get used to seeing them around and decide that this piece of ugliness is something that must be borne, and leave it at that. You forget there is such a thing as disguise, and that ugly features around the house can at least be camouflaged.

Kitchens are full of ugly places. Take the kitchen boiler. All the practical advantages in the world are unable to make this into a thing of beauty, although the most modern designs are a great improvement æsthetically upon the old.

Just the same, I saw a kitchen recently where a slow-combustion boiler had been set into a recess that had once held the range. The new boiler was blue vitreous enamel (you see them everywhere now), and the three walls of the recess in which it stood had been painted the same blue. The rest of the kitchen was yellow, and the effect was good.

Kitchen windows are often afflicted with a poor outlook, and there is seldom anything done about it, yet it is the simplest thing in the world to nullify the effect of a dreary view.

The natural thing is for the eye to focus itself beyond the window, but if there is something to hold the attention this side of it the view will be less obvious.

Elaborate window treatments are out of order in the kitchen, but an indoor window-box is quite practical and very pretty.

A simple framework of plywood along the inside window-ledge, painted to match the woodwork, is sufficient. Behind this stand flower-pots with growing geraniums, ferns, lobelia, or whatever plants are best suited to the colour-scheme. The pots can be lifted out for watering. There is no dirt, no trouble, and a very arresting colour point to draw attention from what is beyond the window.

Trellis is largely associated with dingy gardens, where fusty creepers trail in and out of crumbling trellis, but actually this old-fashioned medium has many decorative uses in the way of disguise if it is well handled.

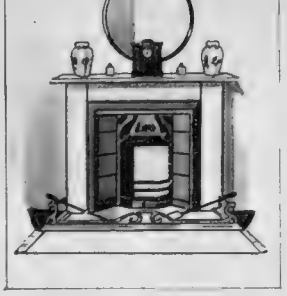
In one of the sketches here we have shown how it can be adapted to cover a bare brick wall such as is often found in back yards. In this case the trellis, painted a light green, is set against the wall to a height of about six or seven feet. Around the base a box garden is built for growing geraniums and ornamental shrubs. Flowering creeper can be trained upon the trellis itself or hanging pots set about it at intervals with geraniums and other flowering plants. It costs very little to make a transformation like this, and requires hardly any upkeep.

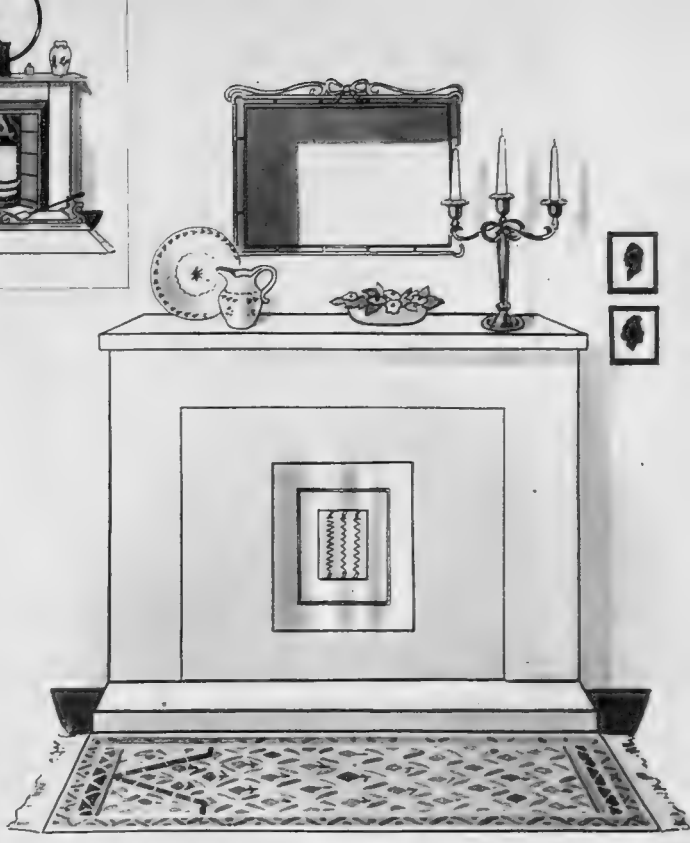
Even indoor trellis is not to be despised. One of the most charming affairs I have seen was a narrow passage in a small seaside cottage where the owner, being at a loss to decorate a blank wall space at the end of the passage, had covered it with trellis painted to match the cream walls, behind which stretched in folds some lengths of flame-coloured silk. One hanging bowl attached to the trellis held flowers and trailing leaves and the effect was quite lovely.

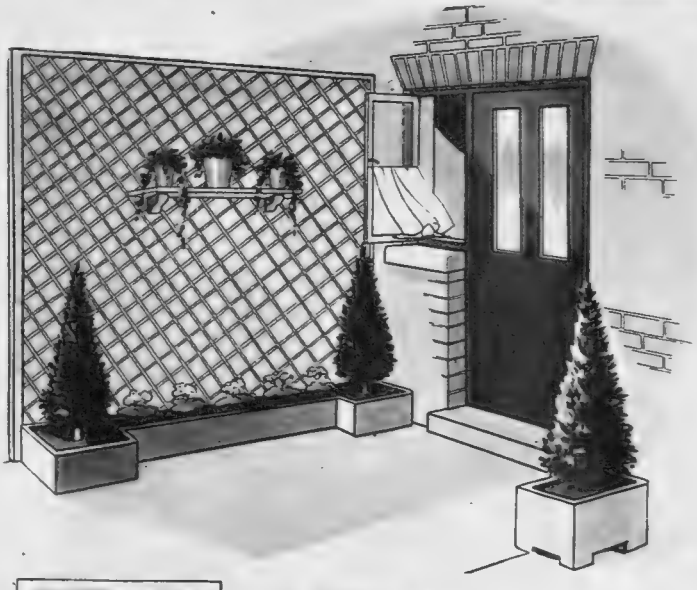
Don't put up with shabby detail. The faded curtain that shuts in the under-part of a dresser, for instance. Plywood doors look better and keep out the dust. On to the doors paint a coloured flower design or cut sprays of flowers from wallpaper and paste them on, then paint them over with shellac for durability.

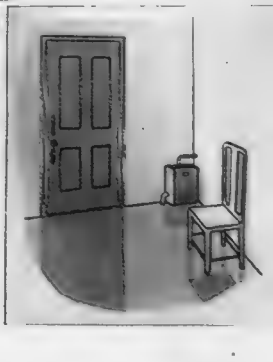
A plywood box for the too-prominent gas-meter is another idea. We have shown in the two sketches at the foot of the page how an ugly corner can be transformed by boxing-in the meter and arranging a harmonious colour group.

Get busy in your house marking down the ugly places. Some of them will be so familiar you will have forgotten they are there. Try some beauty treatments on them and turn them into lovely places.









DRESS:

By JEAN BURNUP
Editor Women's Department

The London shops have never shown better merchandise. Credit rationing, which makes it obligatory for clothes to be made of fabrics and designs that will endure. (1) This coat is a Jaeger and its cut, tailoring and fabric carry all that that name implies. (Details : adroit bodice pleats narrowing to the waist, vertical slit pockets, a full skirt.) In mohair and woollen mixture, scarlet and all pastels, it costs eleven guineas. (2) This black woollen dress from Fenwick uses self-ruching, with fine effect, on pockets and the high-or-low collar. Also in tan, turquoise, lacquer-red. £7 17s. 6d. (3) A tailored woollen suit featuring padded seaming on pockets and across the back yoke. The skirt has pleats stitched to thighs, either side. 11 guineas, in brown or black, from Dickins and Jones. (4) The front of this black bouclét coat is as intriguing as the back, with its high revers, double breasting, black velvet collar and large patch pockets. Double seams down the back bodice become pleats below the shaped waist, are stitched to mid-skirt, then kick out. £9 19s. 6d., from Fenwick. (5) Pure woollen suit (Jaeger again), the plain jacket trimmed with stitching and slit hip pockets, the hulabuloo check skirt flaring slightly, on the bias. Blue jacket, with blue, cherry-pink and red skirt, or gold jacket with a gold, red and green skirt. 13 guineas.

1 into 2

(1) This tartan taffeta little-woman dinner dress, circa 1937, is still as good as gold, but has outgrown its place in your heart. Cut it off about five inches below the waist and turn the top into the short-sleeved basqued jumper (2). This practically makes itself. The yards and yards left in the skirt are enough to make the cute little waistcoated afternoon dress (3).

These full, deep-belted skirted dresses (4) were everywhere before the war. If you are lucky enough to possess one, take it to pieces, add some unrationed matching lace, two yards of contrast crepe (or the best of an old slip or nightdress), and you have two frocks. Make a flat cross-over bodice with panels extending to the hem (5). Treat the back the same. Fill in the four inverted V's of the skirt with lace, fill in the bodice sides with lace. Use the old sleeves, shortened. You will find you have only scratched the surface of your fabric, and that there is plenty left to make the back, sides and sleeves of the apron-fronted dress (6).

1

2

3

4

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8

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10

11

2 into 1

A light woollen jacket and skirt (7) is soon turned into an elegant woollen frock (8). Cut the jacket off at waist and join to the skirt. Remove the pockets. Cut the sleeves off as shown, and gather them slightly into the bend of the elbow. Cut along the top of the skirt's inverted pleat and arrange the fullness into a gathered panel. Trim with tasselled braid.

Tired housecoat (9) and nightdress long in the tooth (10) can be successfully combined thus. Cut three strips gradually widening to the hem from the skirt of the housecoat and hoard them safely for some future renovation. Fill with strips cut from the nightdress and you have a new dinner dress (11). We have not drawn it so, but you could, if you are the fluffy sort, wear a ruffle (from the nightdress) round the throat and down the bodice front.

The Secrets Of Louise

Keep your clothes fresh and prolong their lives by practising the valeting tricks of a good French maid.

Once upon a time, in the distant days of silk stockings, and plentiful petrol, chocolates and cigarettes, I had a maid called Louise.

Not only was she a French maid, but she looked the part too, so that she would have been worth the money in oo-la-la, quite apart from her *sole bonne femme* (ah !), her *soufflés* (oh !), and her light and skilful hand with my clothes.

Alas, Louise is no longer with me ; but, faced like everyone else with the job of making my wardrobe behave as if the mystic number 66 held no terrors, I gratefully and lovingly remember her precepts, handed down to her as they no doubt were by generations of thrifty mammas.

How she could launder, that one ! She taught me to use borax to keep white things white, and black things black. A small tablespoonful to a gallon of water for the former, slightly more for the latter. And she always used blue in the rinsing water when she washed black underclothes or chiffon blouses or stockinette turbans.

The shortage of starch wouldn't have perturbed Louise, for she always saved the water in which rice was boiled, for stiffening such small jobs as muslin blouses, collars and cuffs, etc.

Quick to wash and slow to dry was her motto with woollies. She washed jerseys like a streak of lightning, then rolled them up in a thick towel to absorb most of the moisture. After that they were stretched out flat and pulled into shape, to dry in the natural heat of the room. She never omitted the rolling in a towel part of the process, either for woollies or for any kind of stays, and she never could be persuaded to hurry up the drying by putting things close to a fire or on hot pipes.

Steam was one of Louise's great allies. She kept suede shoes, handbags, and gloves looking smart for an incredibly long time by holding them in the steam of a kettle before whisking up the pile with a rubber brush. As a last resort, she removed shine with a piece of very fine glasspaper. She mistrusted wire brushes.

She steamed felt hats, too—and of course she brushed them constantly.

She went through my wardrobe every week and shook out and brushed everything in it. And she brushed all clothes before putting them away.

And, talking of brushes, she made me ashamed that I had never thought of washing my clothes-brush, as the bristles were black. " But Madame ! The dirt you are brushing back into your clothes ! "

Mending was a great passion of hers, even in those days when it wasn't one of the fashionable virtues. She taught me the importance of using the right thread for each job, often pulling threads from an unseen part of the garment itself to make an invisible darn. For tears and jags in heavy materials she used a kind of adhesive tape which is applied with a hot iron. (She mended my sheepskin overboots with this stuff.) For more fragile fabrics, she used a kind of liquid adhesive which enabled her to put in a patch quite invisibly. And she taught me, bless her, to mend stocking ladders with one of those gadgets like crochet hooks. All these aids to thrift are still on the market here, so don't think I am describing days that are too infuriatingly dead and gone.

Twice weekly I wash and iron my blouses and silk underclothes, quickly, as she did. And it is a point of honour not to put them away with a loosened button, a fraying elastic, a cock-eyed shoulder-strap. To do things in small doses is infinitely more agreeable than to save up for a big mend.

What else did I learn from my paragon ?

I learned that lavender will keep moth away in most houses, but if there does seem to be a moth menace, pepper is always available, and marvellously effective.

I learned to parcel not-in-use woollies neatly in newspaper—furs, too—because moths loathe the smell of printer's ink.

I learned to slip a hairbrush inside an old silk stocking, to brush my hair into a fine gleam. If I couldn't have a shampoo, I learned to pack a comb with cotton wool and draw this through my hair, to absorb the grease.

In fact, from dear Louise I learned the full technique of French-maiding. And in these days, when proper care for clothes is a matter of life and death for them, it is going to stand me in very good stead.

V.D.

SPECIAL FACILITIES

Old Dresses, aged Furs, tired Lingerie need not clutter up your wardrobe. A host of new store services has arisen to help you preserve your past clothes, to conserve your coupons. Here is an outline of them.

FURS and FUR COATS. An old-fashioned, worn fur coat that you have relegated to the dark night, the rough, cold journey, or the moth cupboard, can now be reinstated into your wardrobe. The revolutionary Grubert method of reconditioning and remodelling is available at many of the larger stores and furriers throughout London ; Harvey Nichols and D. H. Evans are two of the stores that offer this miracle. Charges depend on the amount of service required.

RAINCOATS. There 'll always be an unexpected rainstorm so long as there 's an England, so keep your weather-proof really proofed. Even if it needs cleaning, you can get it reproofed at Selfridges and many of the London stores. Charges at Selfridges are from 6/6. But only send proofed coats—rubber ones cannot be reconditioned there.

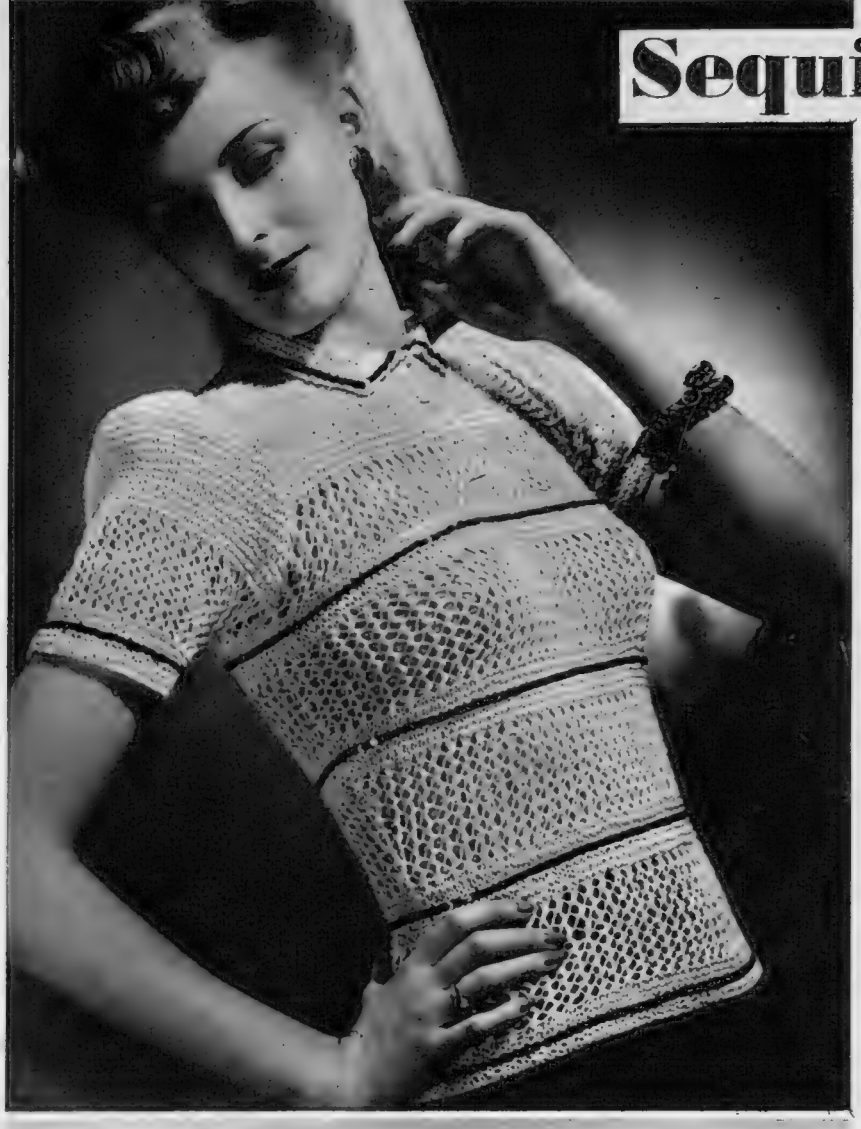
LINGERIE. The lace is gone and the yoke of the nightdress is torn, or the scanties are just a little too scanty. John Lewis, of Oxford Street, will send them back to you with new frills of lace, new lace yokes, patched, but perfectly.

CORSETS. What ever make of corset you pride, you can have it reshaped, mended, re-suspendered and sent back to you as near new as dash-it. Berlei and some of the leading corset manufacturers have their own service for their own corsets, but Slikeese, of 126 Baker Street, expert corset makers, will first-aid any make, with all the care possible. The usual charge is about 10/6 per corset, but if the garment needs any special hand work the cost may be a little more. If you are slimmer, just send along the old belt and your new measurements and know comfort again.

SUITS. Turn again Whittington, had he lived in these days, would definitely have referred to his old suit. Women with good suits that are shined and faded can have them turned and made into really new ones. Charges at John Lewis range from 59/6. Then your husband's old dinner suit, or town suit, can be turned and made into a suit, a very smart suit, for yourself—at the charge of ten guineas, from Selfridges, of Oxford Street. Winter coats can be turned at Selfridges for about £3 15s.

DRESSES. Beatrice Dawson, a clever London designer, is at Bourne and Hollingsworth to advise and help customers to acquire a new trousseau out of old clothes. Passé coats and suits, weak-kneed dresses can be visualised by her as new and important turn-outs. If your old frocks have good cloth value, send them to her and she will tell you what should be done with them to give them wardrobe value. And if you can see through her eyes and agree with her, she will make certain that the job is well done. If you send by post, you will have to give your colouring, age and exact measurements.

WOOLLIES. Viyella, Jaeger and Braemar all give you a specialised repair service in their own garments. If knitting is coming undone, has somehow worn into unshapeliness, just take it to your nearest agent and they should be able to give you, or advise you about, these special services.



Sequin Sequence

SHINY BLUE STRIPES ON UNRATIONED COTTON

MATERIALS

7 hanks of unrationed cotton bouclet ; No. 9 needles ; 5 yards of sequin trimming, 1 sequin in width (or less yards of wider trimming cut to single strips) ; three buttons ; matching thread to sew seams.

ABBREVIATIONS

k=knit ; p.=purl ; sts.=stitches ; tog.=together ; inc.=increase ; dec.=decrease ; in.=inches ; pat.=pattern ; beg.=beginning ; s.=slip ; p.s.s.o.=pass slip-stitch over ; m.=make ; wl.fwd.=wool forward (making one) ; wl.rd.=wool round (making one).

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 in. ; length, 21 in. ; sleeve seam, 5 in.

TENSION

5 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. when slightly stretched in wear.

THE BACK

Cast on 67 sts. Work all K. for 12 rows. Now change to the following pattern :

1st row.—*K. 2 tog., wl.fwd. Repeat from * to end, ending wl.fwd. ; K. 1 (right side of work).

2nd row.—*P. 2 tog., wl.rd. Repeat from * to end, ending P. 1. Repeat these 2 rows until there are 16 worked. Now work 12 (Continued on page 66)

The Odd Jacket

FIVE COUPONS FOR A MOST VERSATILE GARMENT

MATERIALS

11 oz. Lister's Lavenda wool, 4-ply ; 6 buttons ; 1 pair No. 7 and 1 pair No. 12 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 20 in. ; across back under arms, 17 in. ; across fronts, 8½ in. ; sleeve from shoulder, 23 in.

TENSION

13 sts. to 2 in.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 54 sts. Rib 1 in. K. 1 p. 1. At the end of the last row cast on 1 st. (55 sts.). Change to No. 8 needles, and pattern.

1st row.—P. 6, * k. 3, p. 1, k. 3, p. 11. Repeat from * ending p. 6.

2nd row.—K. 4 *, k. 2 tog, p. 3 (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1 into next st.), p. 3, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 7. Repeat from * ending k. 4.

3rd row.—P. 5 *, k. 3, p. 3, k. 3, p. 9. Repeat from * ending p. 5.

4th row.—K. 3 *, k. 2 tog., p. 3. k. twice into next st. k. 1. k. twice in next st., p. 3, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 5, repeat from * ending k. 3.

(Continued on page 67)

Bed Time Story

It is hard to say just when children pass out of the stage when bedtime is the most hateful moment of the day. It may have something to do with the slowing-up of that effervescent vitality peculiar to extreme youth. It certainly has a lot to do with the way the bedtime situation is handled.

When you hear that some child is a terror to go to bed you can safely assume that he is of that highly-strung temperament which demands certain soothing conditions for sleep, or else that bedtime has been allowed to assume the nature of a daily crisis which a little more tact could disperse.

The cause of scenes at bedtime can often be found in the fact that the little one is called away, peremptorily, from some absorbing occupation. It is kinder to give a warning of bedtime. Not to announce it as some impending doom, but with a cheerful, casual reminder that it is not worth while starting anything fresh, because bedtime has nearly arrived.

Over-excitement is often responsible for wakefulness. The normally healthy child should be asleep very soon after settling down, but an over-active brain sometimes refuses to reduce its tempo to order, and when this happens it helps a lot to keep the child engaged with quieter things for the last half-hour before bed.

Extreme restlessness is in many cases an indication of some nervous overstrain, and calls for a watchful policy to ensure that the youngster is never over-stimulated towards bedtime, and never, if it can be avoided, allowed to overtax himself at any time.

In fast-growing children this nightly restlessness is specially noticeable and is generally the signal that more and more rest is required. An afternoon rest period is worth trying, even with the older child.

It is claimed by some authorities that there are two periods in the night during which sleep is most beneficial to a child. One is in the first hour of sleep and the other is in the ninth. A wartime routine of disturbed nights suggests, therefore, that as the ninth hour may be interrupted, the first hour is all-important.

Children of all ages should have no less than nine hours' sleep. The very young need much more, of course. The importance of long hours of rest can never be too much stressed. The well-being in later life of the whole nervous system depends upon it.

The real danger of late hours for children is that the effects are so often hidden. After a while vague symptoms of ill health and nervous instability begin to make themselves felt, but there is no obvious connection between these and the lack of sleep, which is certainly at the root of it.

Over-tiredness will interfere with restful sleep to such an extent that, when he gets to bed, the child does not benefit as he should. Regular habits are the basis of health—that is to say, regular feeding times, regular elimination and regular hours of sleep.

Heavy dreaming is sometimes a symptom of nervous overstrain. Most children dream, and there is no particular significance in this, but when dreams become terrifying, or when the child wakes suddenly in alarm, it is time to take the matter more seriously.

More rest, less strenuous exercise if the child is at the most rapid stage of growth, is the first step to take. Sometimes the trouble can be traced to anxiety. It may be in connection with school, with relations, or with other children, and even about the war if parents have been indiscreet enough to convey anxiety.

Children are more sensitive to atmosphere than we imagine, and though it is not always possible to define their fears, they are present just the same, and sleep is the first thing to suffer.

Adequate and light clothing in bed are helpful to restful sleep. Light, pure-wool blankets and Chilprufe pyjamas are helpful factors.

It is true that some temperaments require more sleep than others. If your child is a light sleeper it is not necessarily a thing to worry about so long as he is well. If he is a sleepy creature, take it as an indication of the demands that Nature is making upon him, and let Nature have her way.

Watch out that the sleep he has is peaceful and that he wakes refreshed and happy. See that he gets that important ninth hour if you possibly can, and until he is well grown never count anything more important than bedtime.

Louisa Kay.

Escape—Aid

When you read of somebody taking the "Clipper" to America have you sometimes felt an intolerable urge to escape from it all? You have. We all have.

It doesn't mean you are a quitter. If they told you there was a seat with your name on it in the next plane to America and safety you would probably refuse it, but the escape urge would still be there.

The human body is a pretty tough organism. It will stand up to incredible buffeting on condition that it has a temporary escape in sleep. It may be a very little, but it must be some.

The same goes for the mind, with the qualification that rest comes in a different way.

The body escapes from its torments in sleep, but not so the mind because the subconscious may be hard at work even then. Escape comes through other channels of interest.

In a time of unnatural strain, like now, it is as important to keep your brain fit and free from overstrain as it is to keep clear of epidemics. Are you doing it?

You can't lay down hard and fast rules for relaxation. You must choose your own way of temporary escape from the strains of war.

The important thing is to organise escape aids so that they carry you temporarily into a new environment.

If, for instance, you are a housewife, there is no escape in sitting down by the familiar fireside to sew, excellent as sewing may be for the girl who has been slaving on the land all day.

If your life is bound by four walls and the cares of a family, try to get out of the home for your relaxation. Join a keep-fit class; a war charities committee; help to organise a savings group. Yes I know it is war, but it is a new interest. An escape from personal preoccupations.

If you can't leave your house, get other women in to join you on certain evenings of the week in a reading circle. One member of the circle reads while the others knit or sew. Alternatively, it may be a beauty circle. The idea of this is to shampoo and set each other's hair; to devise and work out new style's, to manicure and massage and generally to help each other with those beautifying routines which are often so tiresome and difficult to do alone.

Try drawing or painting if you have the smallest talent that way. Painting flowers on glass. Decorating little glass and wood and china utensils for the home is fascinating and quite easy if you get the right materials to do it with. If you can't or won't do more, get out your child's paint box and colour the fashion drawings from the magazines. Use your colour sense and learn the fascination of harmonising colours and experimenting with contrasts.

If you are an office worker or toil in a shop or factory and like to take your relaxation quietly, try reading. That is not a startlingly original suggestion, I know, but I mean serious reading. Running over the pages of a novel with the sole purpose of finding out if she gets him in the end is all right so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far. It may divert your thoughts pleasantly for an hour but it is all very casual and soon forgotten.

This is the difference between the great writer and the small. The power of the world's great writers is that they can create personalities and situations that live on, in some cases to become an influence throughout your life.

With the great novelists you really escape from your own world into theirs. Your contact with life is widened and your knowledge of people enhanced. You lose sight for a while of your own problems in theirs.

Don't make hard work of your good reading. It isn't necessary. There are plenty of things for a lighter taste. Jane Austen is a good start. In *Pride and Prejudice* there is wit and gaiety, and the escapism of contact with an England that was gracious and peaceful and very prosperous, though, you may think, a bit heavily starched. Women didn't shovel up fire-bombs then but their ambitions were not so different from our own.

Of course, even reading may tax your energies too much after a hard day. If so, try the more intricate and more interesting kinds of embroidery. Quilting, petit-point, tapestry, are all fascinating. Embroidery materials are still unrationed.

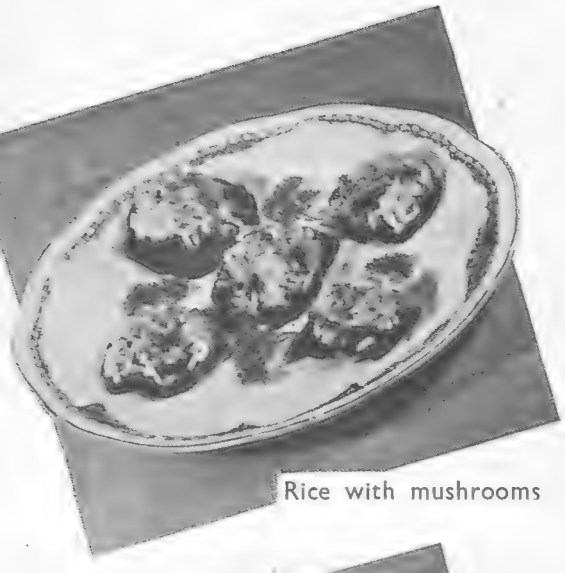
Not so fine but equally enchanting and useful is patchwork. The art of this lies in blending the colours cleverly. Beautiful silks and velvets together, quaint and colourful prints in concert.

Patchwork lends itself to many things from a bedspread —which will last you the rest of the war—to a blouse, a vogue of to-day, or a pair of slippers.

Some people sew all the little pieces on to a background fabric, making them into various shapes and using a feather-stitch for the turned-in edges.

Take some trouble to organise your escape hours. Give yourself this real chance to rest from the stresses of war and to develop interests that may bring you not only relief from strain in the present, but a new source of pleasure for all of your life.

WE USED TO START THE MEAL WITH "Hors D'oeuvres", NOW IT



Rice with mushrooms

Kebab

Devilled roe

By Harriet Muir

Hors d'œuvres at home used to be a costly affair. One opened a lot of expensive little tins and bottles and somehow, the bits left in them seldom got used up. Now these tins and bottles are hard to come by. So you use your wits instead. And new-style hors d'œuvres, made up from little bits of this and that cease to be an extravagance, and become a sensible answer to the daily problem now-what-on-earth-can-we-have-for-lunch?

From the suggestions on this page many variants can easily be worked out according to the materials which happen to be available at the moment.

A dish of crisp lettuce leaves, or one of shredded raw cabbage, or of watercress sprigs or of chopped raw spinach, is always worth including—if only to give a nice touch of colour.

These are Cold

Salt Herring Salad. Prepare fish by soaking for at least 24 hours in cold water, which should be changed several times.

Cut the flesh of the prepared fish into strips. Mix with diced cucumber, raw chopped apple and diced beetroot which has been thickly strewn with chopped parsley and dressed with oil and vinegar.

Or mix strips of prepared salt herring with cold runner beans and sliced tomatoes tossed in oil and vinegar dressing and well peppered.

Potato Salad.—If using freshly boiled potatoes, dice them when hot; or cold left-over potatoes can be diced. Cut a rasher of bacon into dice and fry until brown and crisp. Mix in a bowl with the diced potato and a small onion or a shallot, finely chopped. Season with salt and pepper, and stir in a tablespoonful of mayonnaise sauce. Add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, mix well and serve decorated with finely chopped parsley.

Beetroot Slices.—On slices of cooked beetroot arrange slices of cucumber and rings of raw onion. Scatter chopped parsley over. If an egg is available, put slices of hard-boiled egg on the cucumber instead of the onion rings.

Sardine and Beetroot Slices.—Mash some sardines with half their bulk of potato, oil from the tin, a little vinegar and salt and pepper.

Spread slices of beetroot with this mixture, and cover with another slice of beetroot to form a sandwich. Decorate each with a pinch of chopped parsley.

Beef Vinaigrette. Cut a little left-over roast beef into match-stick pieces. Put in a bowl with cubed left-over potatoes, a chopped shallot or some chopped chives, and some finely chopped parsley. Dress with a vinaigrette dressing (pinch dry mustard, pinch salt, little pepper, with 2 parts vinegar, adding 1 part salad oil).

Pickled Fish. Cut up some cold cooked fish and arrange it in a dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cover with rings of raw onion. Add a few sprigs of parsley, some chopped herbs (thyme, chervil, marjoram), and 2 bay leaves if available. Pour a little vinegar over and leave to marinade for an hour before serving.

Savoury Sausage. Allow 1 cooked sausage and 2 tablespoonfuls cooked rice for each person. Slice the sausages in half-inch-thick pieces and put in a bowl with the rice. Add a good flavouring of chopped onion or shallot, and some chopped chives or green part of onion if possible. Marinade an hour before serving with vinaigrette dressing. Mix very thoroughly.

Canadian Salad. Dice equal quantities of cooked beetroot and raw celery. Mix with mayonnaise just before serving, and season with salt and pepper.

If fresh nuts are available, substitute chopped celery for beetroot and add a handful of nut kernels, chopped.

These are Hot

Rice with Mushrooms. Peel and stalk some small, flat mushrooms and grill with a little margarine. Keep the mushrooms hot and chop the stalks finely.

Mix the chopped stalks with cooked rice (hot), the oil from the grilled mushrooms and a little salt. Allow a dessertspoonful of rice for each mushroom. Fill each mushroom with the mixture, dust with cayenne pepper and serve very hot.

Kebab. A skewer for each person, stabbed through various titbits (little pieces of liver or kidney, mushroom, bacon dice, apple slices, onion, sliced tomato), which are painted with salad oil, grilled and served hot.

Stuffed Beetroots. Boil some small globe beetroots. Peel them, and scoop out the centres to make cups. Make a mixture of creamy white sauce flavoured with a little grated cheese, the scooped-out beetroot, and a few cooked haricot beans. Fill the cups, and serve hot.

Devilled Roe. Take 3 or 4 hard roes of herring. Mash in a cup. Add 1 saltspoonful dry mustard, 2 teaspoonfuls Worcester sauce and a dash of anchovy sauce, if available. Mash thoroughly, adding salt and pepper to taste. Spread on little fingers of toast and heat through in a quick oven (about five minutes).

Fish Canapés. Pound in a bowl some left-over cooked smoked haddock or other fish, highly seasoned with salt, cayenne pepper and a dash of Worcester sauce, with a little cream from the top of the milk. Spread small fingers of wheatmeal

MAKES THE MEAL

toast with margarine when hot. Spread the fish purée over, and put half a pickled walnut on top of each. Brown quickly under the grill or in a hot oven, and serve hot.

These canapés can be made with sardines. Instead of cream, use the oil from the tin to moisten.

Reminders

I have left out some of the more usual hors d'œuvres; here are a few reminders about them.

Cucumber Salad. Cover sliced cucumber with salt an hour before needed and pour off the juice before dressing with vinaigrette. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Celeriac. This turnip-rooted celery is usually served in restaurants. Peel it, cut in match-like strips and marinade an hour before serving with salt, pepper, oil, vinegar and mustard dressing. Stir in a little top milk before sending to table.

Pickled Red Cabbage. This is improved by the addition of a sliced raw apple.

Tomato Salad. Slice the tomatoes thinly and marinade in vinaigrette an hour before serving. Decorate with chopped parsley.

Russian Salad for October. Diced carrot, turnip, celery, French beans, mixed with mayonnaise.

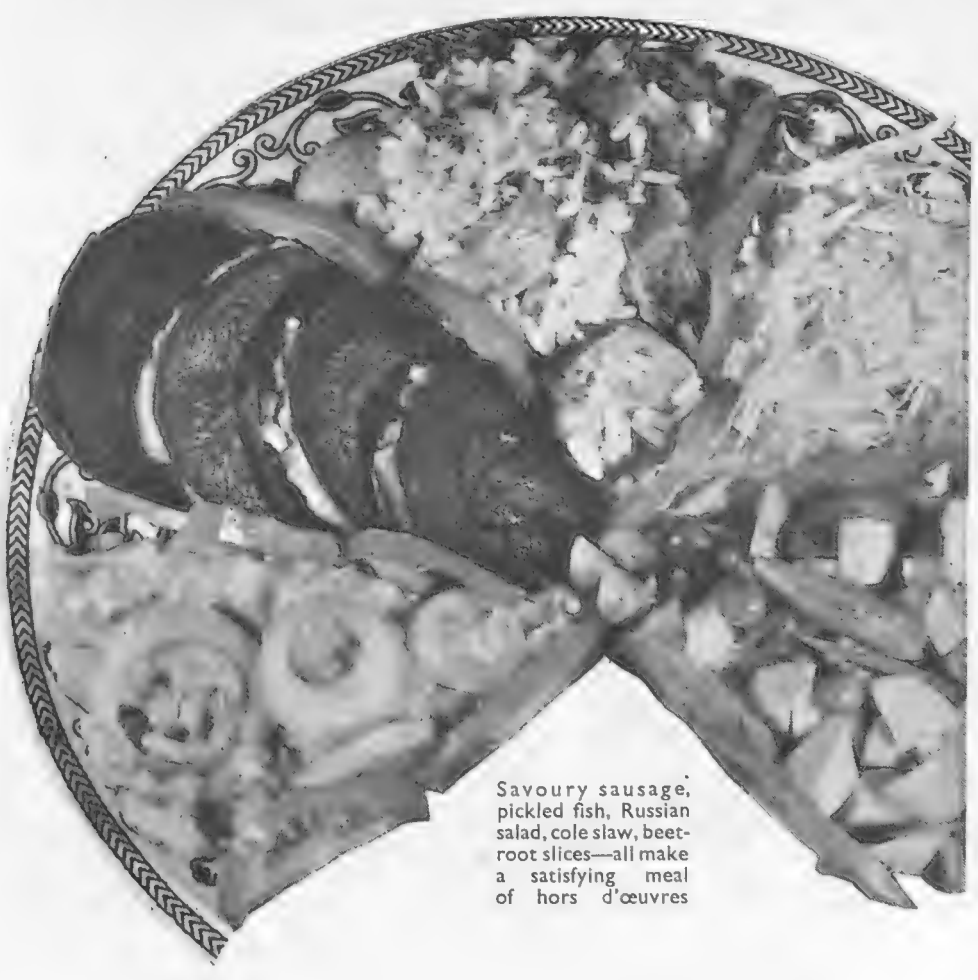
Grated Raw Carrot, turnip or artichoke makes either a little dish on its own, or a decoration.

Cole Slaw. Basic recipe: 1½ cups raw shredded cabbage, tossed with 1 tablespoonful sugar, ¼ cup mayonnaise and a dash of vinegar—can be varied by substituting for the odd half-cup of cabbage the same quantity of diced apple, chopped celery or grated carrot.

If you have a chafing dish, you may care to follow the example of one smart restaurant and serve one hot hors d'œuvre in it, keeping it warm so that second helpings will be as good as first ones. on the table are small dishes each with one cold hors d'œuvre.

Or you can serve several "hots" together, either in heaps in the one dish, or in separate dishes.

Or instead of an all-hot hors d'œuvre, have an all-cold one arranged attractively on a big platter, or served in separate hors d'œuvre dishes.



Savoury sausage, pickled fish, Russian salad, cole slaw, beetroot slices—all make a satisfying meal of hors d'œuvres

Every woman I know moans constantly about dry hair, greasy hair, or—most common of all—dandruff.

So I am sure you will hooray at the news that a first-class reconditioning treatment is now available in the hairdressing department of stores in London, the suburbs, and many provincial towns.

First of all, the hair is parted all over at inch intervals, and the scalp brushed to loosen surface dandruff.

Next, an antiseptic cream known as S 3 is rubbed into the scalp, which penetrates into the pores. The head is then moistened and the cream foams, forming a deeply-cleansing shampoo, and clearing away all impurities.

Instead of setting lotion, a special cream is used which encourages healthy hair growth, as well as making the hair manageable. Even one of these treatments produces a definite improvement in the most out-of-sorts hair, and for those who want to continue the good work at home, the preparations can be bought, price 5s., for enough shampoo for six treatments; 10s. 6d. for the setting cream, which lasts indefinitely.

Skins that tend to be over-oily are a pest to their owners, when it comes to the question of using skin food. This type of skin often refuses to absorb skin food, and reacts by becoming oilier than ever. Yet, if you don't use some lubricant, it is asking for the pitter-patter of tiny crow's feet.

The answer is a non-greasy skin food, which will keep the skin soft as a baby's, without asking it to deal with any rich fats. Beautifully light in texture, a charming pink in colour, the preparation I am thinking of can be used at night without causing a

PURCHASE TACTICS

By Mary Young

shudder from the most sensitive husband. The price is 9s. 4d., including tax.

For dry skins, I have found a super-nourishing cream which you will probably find you can use as a powder base, too, although it is primarily a skin food. Price 4s. 4d. and 8s. 8d. a jar.

Let me tell you about a wonderful soldering preparation which comes out of a tube to mend those infuriating holes in saucepans and kettles and other difficult to replace kitchen essentials. You simply squeeze a little of the stuff over the leak, smooth it flat, wait twenty-four hours, and there you are. It costs 6d. a tube.

Also from a tube comes a polish for removing heat marks from polished wood. It needs patience, but unless the actual surface of the wood is damaged, this cream will fade that infuriating white mark. Price 1s. 3d.

A pair of plain well-cut court shoes is all very well, but how bored one can get with them, and what a brilliant idea it was on the part of my favourite shoe shop to think of a way of transforming old faithfuls into many different guises.

The wonder-worker is a shaped band of coloured leather which slips over the shoe, fastening under the instep. It gives the shoe a brand-new, high-fronted look, the colour contrast links it up with the particular dress you are wearing, and, incidentally, the band makes the shoe more comfortable. 7s. 11d. a pair, coupon-free.

If any of the subjects answer your current problems write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. I shall be happy to send further information.

WASHING DAY

Some morning soon you are probably going to wake up and find yourself with the family wash on your hands. Servant shortage, money shortage and other things beside all point to it, so how about it? Is it going to be heavy-going for you or can you wade in with the best and easiest methods at your finger-tips?

If you are not one hundred per cent prepared, here are some practical tips to make a start :

Use plenty of water. This may seem an obvious point but it is true that the greyness which afflicts some home-washed clothes is entirely due to skimpiness in the use of water.

Rinse, rinse, rinse. Let this be your slogan if you are new to home laundry work. Fill the washing bath nearly full for the first washing. Again use generous quantities of water for boiling, and when it comes to rinsing do not be satisfied with anything less than three lots of clear water.

Soaking clothes is not to be despised as a labour-saving measure. It eases the dirt out of the fabric and saves hard rubbing, which is bad for delicate garments. Put a little flaked soap into the rinsing water, and, if the clothes are specially grimy, as in the case of children's things, add a tablespoonful of ammonia. This is a great enemy of dirt and softens the water into the bargain.

Soft water, if you can get it, is the ideal thing for washing and particularly for woollens. Soap lathers more readily and lasts much longer in soft water. The dirt dissolves quicker and there is far less danger of shrinkage both for cottons and woollens, which retain their softness and their elasticity to the end.

Except for very delicate silks and wools it is a good thing to wring as dry as possible. The quicker a fabric is dried the better for its welfare, so obviously good wringing is helpful. Choose, if you can, a drying-place in the garden where the wind blows freely. Dry all coloured garments wrong side out to minimise fading and hang them in the shade. Be careful when pegging to the line to fix the pegs in a part where it will not leave an unshapely bulge when dry. Pegging a slip or a dress from the hem frequently leaves an ugly peak which it is not always possible to iron away. All artificial silk underclothes should be wrung out and wrapped in a clean cloth for an hour or so before ironing.

Artificial and pure silk should never be ironed dry. It is much easier to handle and far more lustrous when finished if ironed when only half-dry.

Sorting and preparing the clothes before you begin the day's wash is important. Get all the woollens together, segregate the white clothes that are for boiling and the coloured clothes which are not. Pick out the dirtiest articles which need soaking. Get them into water, if possible, the night before.

When you are dealing with children's clothes it will save you a lot of labour if you remove stains directly they are made. They are much harder to get rid of when they have been left to set.

Make a point of washing the children's garments before they get too dirty. It sounds extravagant, but it saves labour in the end.

In passing, if you have to wash them at home, it will help considerably on washing day to have chosen the simple styles which incur minimum effort when ironing.

Ironing is not an easy thing to do well. It wants patience and quite a good deal of technical accomplishment when it comes to the more complicated garments like shirts.

One of the first rules for ironing a shirt is to start with the smaller parts, that is to say the neckband, the cuffs, the front fastening and then the sleeves. Iron all double parts first on the wrong side and then on the right.

Iron the sleeve flat down the underarm seam, never with a fold down the centre of the sleeve. Be specially careful to iron out the tiniest creases in the cuffs. Iron inward from the outside edges to ensure this. Fold back the cuff in half, with the link-holes exactly facing, and then iron across the fold.

When both sleeves are ironed, begin on the collar-band and iron it straight, not on the curve. Iron front openings on the wrong side first, pressing the buttons downwards into the ironing blanket.

To iron the yoke, throw it forward so that the front of the shirt is facing you and the yoke lays flat. Never iron it with a fold on the shoulders. Next, iron right down the back of the garment, using a skirt-board for preference so as to avoid crushing the finished pieces. If you have no skirt board fold the shirt down the centre of the back and iron each half separately. Flatten the shirt out and iron the front last of all.

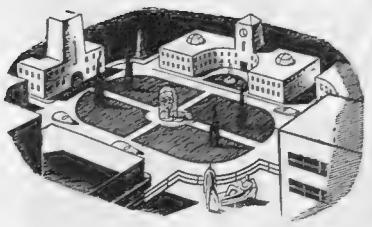
Stockings should be washed with particular care. Stockings do live much longer if they are carefully washed after each wearing.

Soak them first in warm water to which a little Lux has been added. This eases the dirt out of the feet and saves rubbing. After soaking for half an hour squeeze very gently in a fresh lot of soapy water. Never rub soap directly into the stockings, and never twist them, but squeeze the water out gently. Squeeze again in a clean towel and hang up to dry by the toes.

Rough fragments of the clothes line are sufficient to start a ladder, so take special care to see that the line is smooth before you hang the stockings out.

Washing clothes isn't a game, but it isn't drudgery either if you organise well and use the best apparatus.

THE TOWN OF THE FUTURE



There can be no doubt that our future towns will be as different from those we knew before the war as a radiogram is different from our first crystal set. And just as our admiration for the elegance and the greater efficiency of the modern does not in any way impair our affection for the old-fashioned, so we need have no regrets when we come to live in the town of the future.

Towns and cities damaged by the war are already considering their rebuilding plans. Residential districts, we are told, will be designed on the garden city principle of villas or semi-detached houses each with its own garden; or ten-storey blocks of flats surrounded by communal lawns, flower walks and rose arbours. It is gratifying to note that experts are planning for a 'green and pleasant land' with plenty of space, light and fresh air. In the past, towns and cities have straggled and sprawled, capturing parts of the countryside with the same inevitable disappointment as the caging of a wild bird. The town of the future will be erect and compact, with the trees, the grass and the flowers of the country-side brought to its front doors. Schools and playgrounds for the children will be included as an integral part of the communal plan. These will be so positioned that children will not have to cross main roads on their way to school. The Shopping Centre, in view of its supreme importance to housewives, will receive very special attention. Architects, remembering the British climate, will develop the arcade principle for greater all-the-year-round convenience, specially appreciated on wet shopping days.

Ancient buildings will be restored and records and relics of a glorious past preserved. The town of the future will retain its cherished character, its unique individuality and its historical associations, yet it will sparkle and shine in its new pride.

New buildings, new services, new homes, rising up from the ruins of the old, will make for happier family life in Britain after the war. The better environment will invite us to make the most of our longer leisure and will encourage us to seek new interests within the pleasant, comfortable and healthy precincts of our new homes.

Pears

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RISE ABOVE IT

You are not the woman you were two years ago, and this should be a compliment. All women should be stronger in character, younger in mentality and nearer to the essential truths of life than they were before the war. The striving to rise above circumstances, the task of achieving your various objects of the moment, are stimulating. So is a job, and we all have jobs now, of varying kinds. The housewife should have one of the busiest.

What if the house is looking shabby, if money cannot be spent on it, if things are getting on the family nerves? That's the housewife's job. A pot of house paint costs little. Paint for wartime doesn't mean fawn and green camouflage, it means bright colours, inside and out. A few gay cushions will transform a room—and no one will recognise that they are made of the old discarded curtains dyed. Grow your own flowers in pots and lacquer the flower pots white or pastel. For the kitchen, chives, parsley and such herbs grown in lacquered pots look quaint and are useful. Remember that all you do is inexpensive, temporary—and be adventuresome.

Clothes can be patched but perfect. We are all being forced to become really good dressers, to look after our things as a wise housewife has always looked after her things. To darn, not for to-day but for next year. If a stocking darn is something that you almost want to frame it will last for months longer than a sketchy one.

Meals are a problem, but what fine cooks we'll all be, come victory year. It is ingenuity a la carte now—and when that runs out try parsley. It is the little things that matter nowadays. Take pains and time, not only with to-day's meal, but with the preparations for the future. Make chutney, tomato purée or what you will—as much as you can ungreedily, when things are cheap. Sugarlessness is no excuse for an empty larder now that so many ways are being taught us, to put things down without. Try new things, risk your efforts.

When you go shopping, go early, with a smile and come home without a grumble. Take your shopping conscience with you—it is as important as your basket in wartime. Be wise but do not try to buy up things you don't want because they may be short—they certainly will be if every one buys them up.

Judge yourself on your own high standards and don't waste time judging other people. And remember that you aren't the only housewife in the world who has only managed to get two eggs or whatever it is that is annoying you.

Scheming is good, provided it is unselfish, but nothing is worse than a greedy schemer.

If someone you know has six hens, a hive of bees and a vegetable garden, remember that you could most likely have the same if you were ready to relinquish some of the things that you consider necessary in your life such as your patch of green velvet lawn—or near-city flat. It's up to you.

Children are a bit of a problem, but don't worry about them too much. The ages up to four should have strictest diet attention, but once the foundation of health is formed, you can relax. Let them be young toughs if they want to be, early-age desperadoes frequently make the finest citizens. Don't spoil them, of course, or encourage naughtiness. Just encourage a tough reaction to the war rather than a nervy one. If your babies are away from you write to them frequently and make your letters like the story-books for their particular age. If you cannot get the idea, stroll through a bookshop and revive your memory. Let your letters be things that can be read to them at bedtime. If they are older, help them to plan for a united future with little promises. Tell them funny things; a sense of humour is essential to us all and most children have it naturally. Husbands are a problem, too. Either they are away all the time, or they are away part of the time and exhausted when they get home. If they want to sleep after dinner, let them; you should have been so busy that you will want to sleep, too. Get over the idea that your husband has a more interesting life away from home—it's a fallacy. Only take him to the movies he likes. If he is coming home on leave, don't think "Now I can have a little fun"; think "Now he can do what he wants to for a few days"—it sounds martyrish—but that's just the one thing a good wife always has to be, without appearing so.

Visitors are difficult. You want their company, but you do not want their appetites satisfied on your rations. Come and break bread with me is never taken literally, butter and sugar and other precious things always go with the bread. But you cannot afford to be generous with your husband's and your children's health—and that's what being generous with their rations means. Dine out, returning for talk and drinks. If this is impossible, you will have to scrounge and devise a meal out of unrationeds. It can be done and if done successfully will fill you with the utmost pride. Try to keep off anything that is the least bit scarce, so that you can pile up the plates without a tremor—if you want to.

Success in anything during this war takes brains, combined with imagination, energy and unselfishness. These are the qualities that present circumstances should be fostering in your character. Help them along as much as you can, consciously, and the victory that we all pray for will be nearer—and your personal triumph over circumstances will be certain.

MUCH CRY and LITTLE WOOL

It's all too, *too* sad, they've rationed our knitting, they've couponised us! Still, we must hope for the best, and look for

Lavenda

They Satisfy!

Quantities are somewhat limited but are being distributed equitably throughout the country. The public can only obtain supplies through retail shops and stores.

Mc VITIE & PRICE
Digestive Biscuits

Aristoc

TO THE RESCUE

HERE is a plan to cure coupon-complex (or mind-spin caused by budgeting for a year's wardrobe on 66 coupons). If you don't want to see most of your coupons go on stockings, decide to invest in ARISTILE and RAYSTOC, Aristoc's new war-time substitutes. Aristile is a handsome and hard-wearing lisle, Raystoc a dim-textured rayon. They're both better than you'd ever dreamed substitutes could be, and because they're made by Aristoc you can buy them with a confident feeling that you have got the very best that money and coupons can buy. So make friends with your stocking shop and ask them to tell you when they have their first delivery of ARISTILE and RAYSTOC. The limited supplies will be distributed fairly throughout the country.

SAVE COUPONS BY INVESTING COUPONS IN

Aristile AND *Raystoc*

The Aristocrats of Lisle and Rayon Stockings

Its rare excellence implants its name for ever on the memory

Owing to war conditions and the difficulties of distribution, your grocer may be temporarily out of stock. Ask him to reserve you a tin as soon as further supplies are available.

McCall's Paysandu OX-TONGUES

McCALL & CO. LTD., SOUTH PARK, GERRARD'S CROSS

Copley's Copley's knitting wools

Set yourself up for the winter with this set of warm, gay accessories. They cost so little in coupons, money and time and mean so much in colourful comfort. The wool is 3-ply "Excelsior"; the Leaflet No. 1383, for Cap, Scarf and Socks, is 3d. at your woolshop, 4½d. posted by makers.

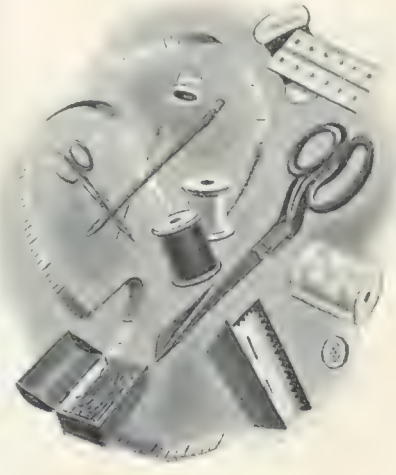
L. Copley-Smith & Sons Ltd.,
47 Lower Mosley St., Manchester 2
or
132/3 Cheapside, London, E.C.2

Are you handy with your needle

Some women were born knowing how to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam. Others had it laboriously instilled into them in the course of a convent education. But there are plenty of girls around—clever girls and capable in their way—to whom a needle presents as many difficulties as a Bren gun.

It didn't matter much in the happy days when clothes were easy come, easy go, but now, a plague on those fumbling fingers, it's the hand that wears the thimble that can cock a snook at clothes coupons, and whether you like it or not you just must learn to sew. After all, generations of your ancestresses managed it all right—the art must be lying about somewhere in your unconscious, ready for you to dig up.

Don't make things more difficult for yourself by tackling your sewing (and cutting-out) with a pair of manicure scissors and your husband's army hussif. You must have a work-box, preferably divided into compartments, with at least the following equipment :—



Two pairs of scissors, one for cutting-out, one with sharp points for unpicking and other delicate work. Stab any one who attempts to use either pair for cutting paper or flowers or any of the other jobs that women love to ruin good scissors on. A thimble that fits. Needles. Most beginners sew clumsily because their needles are too big. You'll manage fairy stitches in no time if you use fine, short needles, known as "betweens," size 7, 8 or 9, according to the thickness of the stuff you are working on.

Pins. Buy steel pins if you can. Inferior brass pins poke ungainly holes in fine fabric. Keep them in a tin box with a firm lid. Keep hooks, eyes, poppers and oddments of that sort in a glass screw-topped jar, where you can see them.

You must have a tape-measure, some cheap tacking cotton, black and white sewing cotton, No. 60, and sewing silk which you will use for almost all your own personal things. Pure silk costs only a fraction more than imitations, and makes all the difference to ease of sewing and a neat result.

Sit in a good light, in an upright chair which supports your back. Try not to sew dark fabrics at night, but if you must, spread a white cloth on your knee to reflect the light.

Face the fact, unpleasant though you probably find it, that in every kind of sewing, the preliminary tacking is vitally important. It is tempting to use pins instead, and bypass the tacking, but it doesn't pay. So with every seam and every hem, tack first, using light, soft cotton and long threads, knotted to start with. The stitches should be ¼-in. to ½-in. long, and evenly spaced, and they should run just above where the actual sewing will appear.

Turning up a hem is one of the most common jobs you will have to tackle when renovating clothes. For this, use slip-stitching. Turn up and tack the hem as usual. Now pick up just part of a thread or threads on the single fabric, so that your stitch does not show on the right side. Bring the needle out in the fold, about ¼-in. along, catching enough stuff to hold firmly. Don't pull the thread tightly or the hem will pucker.

Neat finishing-off of seams is one of the things which makes home dressmaking look professional.

Most seams are made with a single line of stitching done on the machine. They should be opened out on the wrong side, and pressed flat. Thin materials can then have a line of machining to turn down each raw edge, but thicker fabrics should be pinked or overcast. The latter is just an over and over stitch worked from left to right. Here, again, the thread must not be pulled too tightly or the seam will not hang straight. Another excellent way of finishing off seams in thick fabric, particularly where they will show, as in unlined coats or dressing-gowns, is to bind each edge of the seam.

This is done with strips of binding cut on the cross. You can make these by joining together a series of short cross-cut pieces, but it is simpler to buy ready-made bias binding. Place the right side of the binding against the right side of the stuff and run it into position. Now fold over the binding and hem it down on top of the running stitches.

Binding is also used for turning up skirts where the material is too thick for the usual hem. Use bias binding for flared skirts; Prussian for straight; machine or run the lower edge of the binding to the raw edge of the skirt, and slip-stitch the upper edge to the single fabric.

A false or French bind is a good way of finishing off, for example, a nightdress. Turn an inch of the material up on the *right* side, and run a line of stitching along ¼-in. from the fold. Now turn back the raw edge and hem it down to the wrong side, taking care that the stitches do not come through to the right side.

New buttonholes are often needed when a garment is renovated. Bound buttonholes look most expert but are actually an easy trick.

With a tacking thread, mark the position and size of the buttonhole. Prepare a cross-cut strip of the same material (or whatever you want the finished bind to be), 1½ ins. wide and 1 in. longer than the hole. Put this, right side down, over the tacked mark, and from the wrong side, tack the placing of the buttonhole through on to the strip.

Next, make a frame all round the mark with close back-stitching.

Cut along the tacking thread through both thicknesses of material, making tiny snips at each end outwards towards the back-stitching. Push the binding strip through the hole to the wrong side, trim away any superfluous fabric, turn in the raw edges, and hem into place.

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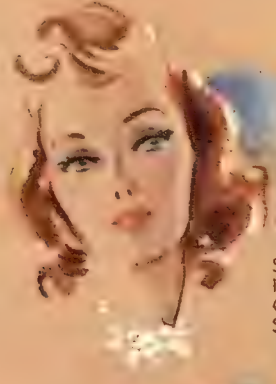

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Waterways of Holland by John Aitken

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Post-War Motoring

By

Alan Hess

WHAT, I wonder, will the war have been found to have done to motoring in these isles when peace and petrol-in-plenty shall return to us again?

Ignoring for the moment the car itself, consideration of which presents enough material for an article on its own, what will be the most notable changes on the roads?

Well, for one thing we must be prepared for *bad* roads—at first.

The coincidence of the absence of men and materials for repair-work during wartime, together with the extensive use of the roads by heavy mechanised transport—some of it caterpillar-tractor driven—assuredly will have wrought havoc with macadamised surfaces.

Before the war, white lines were principally found on curves and corners or at the apex of a "blind" hill or hump-backed bridge.

With the coming of the blackout and the diminishing of car lights, however, the use of the white line was enormously extended.

I believe that the increased use of this safety-measure has come to stay and that it will remain a regular feature of our roads after the war.

Do you remember those wayside stalls selling fruit and vegetables to motorists which abounded on some of our roads in country districts before the war?

Well, I think it will be quite a while before these re-appear; for in order to prevent inflation after the war, I foresee the strict application of price-control of—among others—just these commodities. As a result of this, the growers will, I think, find it a more paying proposition to take the inevitable government subsidy and sell exclusively through the trade.

Before the war, I often wondered how all the petrol-filling stations made a living—there seemed so many of them in competition with one another along every road.

After the war, however, I expect to see at least as many—if not more of them—re-opened, for there will be many warriors demobilised with a gratuity which will just about set up such a station nicely as a full time job. In the mechanised army of to-day, you see, many a potential warrior is acquiring his first contact with motors—and is finding (or is thinking he has found) that he has an aptitude for mechanics.

I think we shall all be surprised how rapidly after the conclusion of hostilities petrol will flow freely again for pleasure motoring.

When the end comes, we shall, I believe, have substantial stocks of petrol and oil on hand for war purposes which will be released for commercial use.

Nor am I one of those who subscribe to the belief that there will be a notable shortage of cars, such as characterised the immediate post-war days of 1919–20. Then, the motor industry of this country was not organised on a mass-production basis, nor were there thousands of reclaimed hire-purchase cars in "cold storage" waiting to be re-sold at short notice—and long odds! This time, both these conditions will apply.

Nevertheless, I think that for a considerable time to come, the repairs position will be acutely difficult. Not only spares but man-power, too, will be short.

So the wise motorist will not abandon himself to a mood of careless rapture when he finds himself once more behind the wheel on pleasure bent.

Will this, in turn, lead to better road manners?

Ah, now, you can search me for the answer to that one!

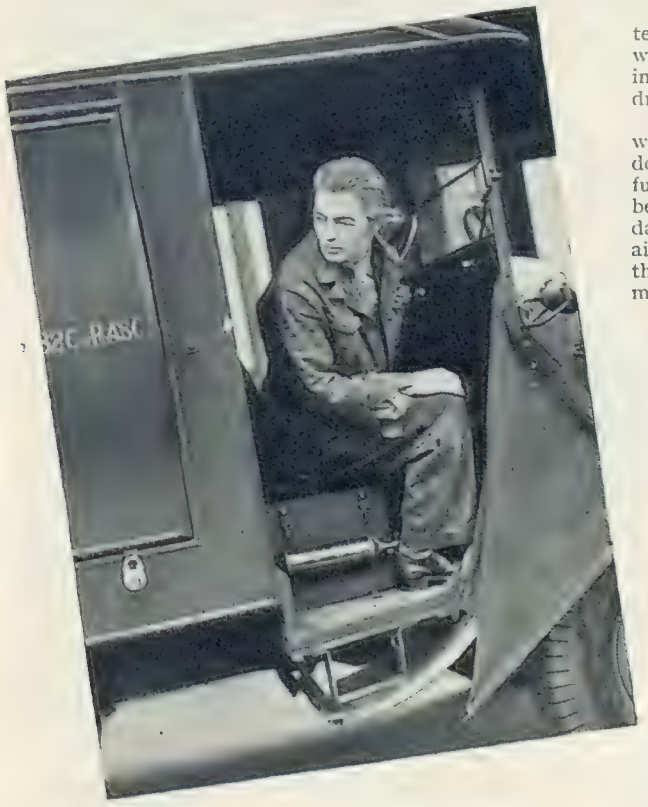
The removal of sign-posts for defence purposes will give local authorities the chance, when the time comes to replace them, to give us much more efficient route marking than we have had in the past.

Let us hope they will avail themselves of the opportunity.

Arms on varying levels so that they do not obscure one another; main roads indicated in distinctive colours on finger-posts, with bands of the same colour on telegraph poles in villages and small towns on the route, as a rapid guide, and place-names shown prominently at all entrances to and exits from towns are some of the improvements we are entitled to expect.

Finally, one inevitable characteristic of our roads after the war assuredly will be the greatly-increased number of women drivers.

And after the magnificent work our women drivers are doing to-day, and their wonderfully accident-free record, woe betide the post-war male who dares to assume that erstwhile air of superiority which was the prerogative of the pre-war man-at-the-wheel!



Miss Marjorie Foster, the only woman winner of the King's Prize at Bisley, who is now a member of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry at the wheel of an army lorry.

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Partners in Retreat

(*Continued from page 20*)

soon, without the slightest doubt," said Young, watching the untidy animal that stood worshippingly at the scout's heels and wondering why a man should risk his life for it. His thoughts were only half engaged with these matters, for the news was sufficiently serious to perplex him. He had received no information of reinforcements. It was to be hoped the other companies on their right along the canal would hold firm.

"Good work, Beard," he said kindly. "You'd better go off to breakfast now—and tell the cook to provide something for your friend." As if he understood this reference, Dugal wagged his tail.

Beard found the company cooks helpful; he was popular with his comrades. Dugal had never enjoyed such a meal.

IN full daylight nine aeroplanes came flying from the east. They were Junkers dive bombers and within two minutes the canal bank was heaving in fountains of earth and stones, the air a fog of dust and fumes. Beard lay in the sunken road, chewing a straw, gazing at the ground before him. One hand was pressed on Dugal's head; the dog crouched shivering against the man's thigh, growling harshly at each fresh outburst.

The machine gunners took toll of the bombers, two of them crashed in the field behind. The rest flew off.

More anti-tank gun ammunition came up, and with it a dispatch rider who called for Captain Young, but, on learning that he had been killed, surrendered his message to Sergeant Man.

"We've got to get out of this," said the sergeant briskly. "They are through on our left. Transport will be along in a few minutes."

It was half an hour before the lorries arrived but the enemy left them in peace. Then began a nightmare journey. The German planes swept over the road, machine gunning and bombing. The men would then tumble out and man the ditches, fighting back with Bren guns and rifles.

Those who returned to the lorries after these alarms were not always the same who disembarked; gradually the company lost its identity and became composed of individuals from several different regiments, among whom was an airman and a Guards' major, wounded in the leg. The major ordered Beard to leave his dog behind. Beard dropped off the lorry and joined the ranks of the foot sloggers. From then on his experiences were harder and more dangerous, and he got nothing to eat.

On the second night they entered Dunkirk. Beard drew rations at an R.A.S.C. dump by the side of the road. He collected some wood and went on among the sand dunes to light a fire and cook food for himself and Dugal.

The beaches were crowded. Voices were calling for men of various units to fall in at certain places; Beard did not hear his own regiment mentioned and he took no notice. A Catholic chaplain said to him: "Is all well with you, my son?" and, with his mouth full of bacon, he replied: "Never better," to the padre's pleased astonishment. Beard was living. His was a nature that responded cheerfully to difficulties; he was inclined to think a peaceful life dull.

A passing artilleryman told him: "They're all coming back here. The ships took off thousands yesterday, but now they come in at night. They'll be here after dark to take us off."

"What's left of us," said Beard, grinning.

A couple of hours later they were on the jetty—the famous jetty of Dunkirk. A tug was alongside; weary men stumbled forward, quiet, patient, and orderly. Either side of the gangway stood an Army captain and a Naval lieutenant.

"You can't take that dog," said the captain. "Heavens, man, every inch is of use; we've no room for animals."

"I'm not going without him," said Beard sullenly. He looked from one to the other. The Naval officer said nothing.

"Well, stand aside. There's no time to argue. Come along, you men, don't waste time."

Beard made his way back along the jetty.

He was back on the sand again, moving among countless groups of soldiers, all strangers. Endless streams of them were wading out into the calm sea towards boats of all kinds. He went along the beach asking questions of various men, but hearing no news of his unit.

An American wanted help to carry wounded men from the town to a motor boat and Beard was among those who volunteered. In the town they were bombed again and Dugal lost his head, rushing wildly off into the darkness. After the boat was filled Beard went looking for the dog, but at last it was Dugal who found him, charging at him out of a shop in a transport of joy at the reunion.

A sapper had a seven-pound tin of corned beef and some biscuits and the three of them sat with their backs to a wall and made a meal.

"This is as near hell as I ever want to be," said the sapper. "They say the sea will get rough and no more boats will get in. Do you reckon they'll loose the whole German air force on us? Bomb us to bits if they do."

"They're doing all they can," said Beard, "and it isn't such a lot, considering. I got this dog off a Belgian farm. He's a good 'un. Suppose we go down now and see if we can get on a boat. Everybody seems to be doing it, and there's no sense waiting."

They walked to the beach, footsore, and worn to the point of apathy. Dawn was breaking, the sea was rougher and the boats seemed a long way out. They waded slowly towards a line of men who stood chin deep, holding their rifles above their heads. The sapper, whose name was Cox, took Beard's rifle, for he had to carry Dugal in his arms. Dugal was big and heavy and he kept licking Beard's ear with a tongue like a poultice. They were fortunate, for a large row-boat came towards them, manned by four sailors. A score of men clambered into it; no one objecting to Dugal's transportation. The boat headed for a paddle steamer, faint in the morning haze.

Air battles were going on above and the men now had leisure to notice them; they stared in silence while the sailors rowed. The sailors were inclined to be cheery, but the troops said little. They were very tired and they were not out of the wood yet. Also, there were a lot of men standing on the beach, and more constantly arriving.

"Where did you get the dog?" asked a rower.

"Off a farm. They cleared out and left him. He was chained up for more than a year. He never did anything to deserve that."

"Blinking shame!" said the rower. "You'll go ashore at Dover. We took about nine hundred yesterday. But we had a breakdown."

Beard studied the horizon. "Here they come—in force this time."

The German bombers swept down on the beach, where standing figures disappeared as by magic. Bombs burst amid clouds of sand. Soldiers and sailors were rowing in grim haste; those who had rifles fingered them nervously, watching the sky.

They were nearing the steamer now, which was hooting dismally, an ominous, urgent note. The second wave of bombers came down on the harbour. Water spouts sprang up on every hand, the air rocked with crashing explosions. A boat which had been overhauling them fast, with bent figures toiling at the oars, was blotted out by a great upheaval of water wherein dark objects showed spinning skywards. Bullets whipped the sea; the men fired their rifles at the monsters rushing overhead, speeding the shots with curses.

Dugal put his head on Beard's knee and whined.

Then suddenly (*Continued on page 54*)

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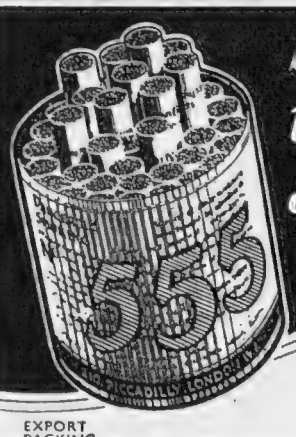

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they were in the water; the boat had gone, stove and swamped by the blast of a bomb. Beard floundered helplessly, paddling with his hands. His legs were useless, he thought that one was missing below the knee.

Men cried for help, and sank; others swam strongly towards the steamer that had hoisted anchor and was paddling nearer. Dugal's shaggy head approached, his paws worked frantically as he swam round Beard, bumping against him. Beard twined his fingers in the coarse hair of the dog's shoulders. "Pull away, pal!" he encouraged.

Dugal swam back towards the beach and the man laughed helplessly at this outcome. A motor launch came tearing by full of men; a boathook caught in Beard's equipment and he was dragged against the boat with the wash cascading over him.

"Grab the gun'le," shouted the burly fisherman who had saved him.

Beard did not reply, but he slowly raised his right hand and Dugal's head came into view. The fisherman stared and laughed; he reached over to get a grip of the dog and heaved him into the boat. Beard was bundled in a moment later.

Men were grinning at him, congratulating him on his escape. He lay on the bottom boards in the prow, saying nothing. A tide of crimson spread slowly round him, but no one noticed it, they were watching the bombers roaring over the ships with shells bursting around them. The motor launch was tearing out to sea and her chances improved with every dragging minute.

Dugal, restrained by a dozen hands, struggled among packed humanity, fought his way towards his friend. He reached him and crouched, whining anxiously, pressing his head against a nerveless hand. His eager nose investigated the limp form; never had his god been unresponsive. Then he looked up at the man who stood balancing, staring at the terrible scene behind. He tugged fiercely at the man's trousers and at last he looked down.

"What's this, then? Lord, he's bad hurt. Skipper, this chap's leg be smashed. He'll be bleeding to death!"

"Here, take the helm, someone." The owner, a Thames yachtsman, came stumbling forward to look. After a minute of fumbling, he shouted back: "Run alongside that ship; this is a doctor's job."

The fisherman helped him to apply a tourniquet.

A few minutes later Beard was being hoisted aboard a pleasure steamer with the name *Brighton Witch* on her bows. He opened his eyes to say: "Pass up that dog. I won't go without my dog."

The big fisherman threw Dugal up to the steamer's deck like a bundle of rugs.

They landed Beard at Weymouth, and Dugal was carried ashore on the same stretcher, covered by a blanket. In Portland Hospital, after he came out of the anaesthetic, the surgeon told him: "You've lost a leg, old chap, I'm afraid."

"Never mind," said Beard, smiling wanly; "I've made a darn good dog."

END

Hollywood Wears a New Face

(*Continued from page* 8)

contribution to the war needs of Britain; and though the majority of those working in this way are English, and proud of it, too, they stand hand in hand with their American sisters. Apart from the organisations I have mentioned, there is a different type of work being done by an English actress, Heather Thatcher, whose most recent stage work at home was in Ivor Novello's *Full House* last year.

Heather is the accredited representative, in the United States, of British Actors' Equity Relief Fund; and in collecting for this fund, in distant Hollywood and not quite so distant New York, she is doing as much for the great cause as any other worker. Most of us admit that the theatrical profession in England has been fairly hard hit by the war. This Actors' Equity Relief Fund is an effort on the part of more fortunate players in the United States to send practical assistance to those in their own line of work at home who may be pretty badly broke, through no fault of their own.

Heather Thatcher, who is an ideal ambassadress, knows every one and goes everywhere. She has a way with her that would cajole a cheque out of a lump of rock. It is her self-appointed task to get players in America (they may be actors, singers, authors; either British or of any other sympathetic nationality) to guarantee so many dollars *a month*, throughout the year, which can be sent to England. No expenses are deducted. The entire amount collected in this way goes to pay rents for many who are destitute in England's theatreland; it helps others to get on their feet again, and find some kind of work.

It is quite startling the way people in Hollywood want to help our cause along. Gene Lockhart, most delightful of film and stage character actors, wrote the *Gene Lockhart Revue*, which was presented every Sunday night, for many Sundays, at the Beverly Hills Hawthorne Theatre. Gene is a wit; and in his cast he had a long list of well-known Hollywood players who were only too glad to help by learning words, rehearsing scenes, and even providing their own dresses, as their contribution to Britain. Every cent that came over the box-office counter, for shows given by this voluntary revue company, was sent to British War Relief.

Another star event that brought in a lot of money for the same cause was given by the Apollo Health Club, under the expert eye of Robert Montgomery who is the new president of the British War Relief Association. Bob was backed by Ronald Colman, Reginald Denny, Sidney Blackmer, and many others; all of them officiated as captains in round-robin tournaments of ping-pong and handball. Here again no expenses were deducted, and every cent went to the cause.

Bundles for Britain is a magnificent organisation, which should be widely known and understood in England. The work it is doing for us can never be sufficiently praised. It started in New York, in the early days of 1940. Mrs. Wales Latham and some friends thought they would collect surplus clothing, and do some sewing and knitting for those who were suffering so terribly in England's air raids. This idea caught on so strongly that it spread almost like a forest fire.

The organisation has grown, on the snowball system, until to-day it has something over 900 branches, and lists more than 650,000 members and workers on its records. "Bundles" is tremendously proud of the fact that Mrs. Winston Churchill is the Honorary Sponsor of the organisation in England. From the New York Branch sprang the Hollywood Branch in which I am most interested. Its president is Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch (Vivian Gaye), and it was Merle Oberon who put the Hollywood Branch on its feet with a substantial donation. Norma Shearer gave one of her large radio fees to Bundles; and other stars who contribute ceaselessly to the Hollywood branch include Myrna Loy, Greer Garson, Miriam Hopkins, Mrs. Conrad Veidt, Alexander Korda, Fredric March, and Arthur Hornblow.

In "Bundles" I found groups of busy workers dealing with hospital garments, which are divided into three sections. One section does all the folding and pinning, the next does hand-sewing, and the third tackles machine work. Looking at the intent faces bent over the work tables I recognised Kay Francis (almost unrecognisable in her huge sun glasses), Laura La Plante, Fay Wray, Anna Lee, Una O'Connor, Mrs. Peter Lorre, Lois Wilson, Mrs. Conrad Veidt, and Mrs. Zoltan Korda, who was Joan Gardner when she worked in English films. Virginia Bruce came in, and so did Wendy Barrie; and in the general discussion that followed I heard a lot about the amazingly generous way local clothing (*Continued on page* 57)

A Koneray of course

Graduated knife edge ALL ROUND PLEATS that taper off into a snug fitting hip line . . . ALL ROUND PLEATS that are essentially slenderising as no all round pleats have ever been slenderising before . . . ALL ROUND PLEATS that remain pleats yet in no way restrict the freedom of the wearer.

What more delightful, more practical ensemble than the most elegant of all skirts with the now fashionable contrasting jacket?

All good drapers and stores sell the KONERAY in a variety of attractive materials, large stocks of new designs now being available. Prices from 2 GNS.

EXPORT ENQUIRIES

The "Gor-ray" KONERAY Pleated Skirt is available for export in Worsteds, Scotch, Cumberland and Donegal Tweeds, Ancient and Modern Tartans of Botany Wool Vicunas West of England Flannels, Irish Linens, Crêpe, Serge, and other fine quality British materials. Orders should be accompanied by information to expedite payment in the United Kingdom.

"Koneray"

PATENT PENDING

PLEATED SKIRTS

ALL BRITISH

GOR-RAY

Manufacturers:
C. STILLITZ, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, England

Scientific

Fashion News by Wolsey

Sigh me mire lady, for pure silk. In this year's new rayon Klinsheers you won't know the difference!

Crisply tailored jersey and divinely soft to wear— that's the art of Wolsey shirtmakers!

Tailoring is the secret of the perfect fit of the new Brevets vests and panties.

manufacturers have responded to appeals made for large quantities of new clothing, to be sent to England's civilian refugees, through "Bundles."

I was told, also, about a man whose hobby is party giving. He had made plans for a big evening party to which 150 people were to be invited. At the last minute he decided to call the whole thing off, and hand the money his party would have cost to Bundles for Britain, to buy hospital beds. Guests who would have danced and supped at the party were delighted when they knew that hospital beds were on their way to England instead.

On the opposite side of Sunset Boulevard is the Hollywood depot of the British War Relief Association. It was a year old in May of this year, and was started by Mrs. Ronald Colman, remembered on stage and screen as Benita Hume, and Mrs. Charles Boyer, who was Pat Paterson before she married the famous French actor. They did their work at first from a small building on The Strip, but day by day more helpers joined them, and now they have moved to much larger premises with a bigger workroom. Their husbands are both active members of this branch of the organisation, Ronald Colman as President, and Charles Boyer on the committee, with Brian Aherne, Nigel Bruce, and Cary Grant; while Herbert Marshall is Vice-President and Basil Rathbone Honorary Treasurer.

Many English actresses give their spare time to British War Relief; for instance, Heather Angel, June Duprez, Molly Lamont, Heather Thatcher, Gladys Cooper, Edna Best, Mrs. Nigel Bruce, and Mrs. Ernest Torrence. Mrs. Herbert Marshall, who is an American, is another regular worker for a cause in which her husband is deeply interested. The list of things this branch of British War Relief has sent home includes 5 ambulances, 250 stretchers, 10,000 medical instruments, 1,000 blankets, 500 beds complete with mattresses, pillows and sheets, 11,000 dollars in cash, and over 8,000 garments made in their workrooms or by outside workers. It's a record of which any organisation might well be proud.

Hollywood Wears a New Face

Not very far from British War Relief is the long window that marks the Hollywood premises of T.A.B.S. This group of workers has been in existence since February, 1940, and is a branch of British War Relief. It started with a meeting in the hill-top house of Mrs. W. P. Lipscomb, whose husband has written so many successful plays and films, both before and after *Clive of India*. Mrs. Lipscomb is Chairman of Tabs, and Mrs. Boris Karloff is Secretary. Madge Saunders (Mrs. Michael Hogan) is the treasurer; musical comedy audiences will remember her in many Gaiety successes. Dame May Whitty is President; Mrs. C. Aubrey Smith, Mrs. Alfred Hitchcock, Sophie Stewart, and Vivien Leigh are all Vice-Presidents.

At first, Tabs worked with the idea of turning out as many knitted garments as possible. But the thing grew so rapidly that soon they were sewing pyjamas, and knitting as well, with Beverly Hills Hotel as their headquarters. Then more and more members came along, and children's clothes were made, too. To-day, Tabs has fifty-five members, most of them actresses themselves, or wives of famous stars.

On the surface, Hollywood is the same. But look a little deeper, ask a few questions, and you will find that under the paint and glamour Hollywood wears a new face—a face of sympathetic self-sacrifice and understanding.

END

Sport After the War

(*Continued from page* 13)

whatsoever to sport or to sportsmanship.

I saw Max Schmeling changed overnight from a Max Schmeling who had been taught to fight fair and square and above board first by, among others, Welsh Gypsy Daniels and later by Americans into a killer, avowed, unashamed to the uproarious delight of his countrymen, as he near to slaughtered an equally merciless Walter Neusel and next time out leave Steve Hamas, a handsome New Yorker, more dead than alive. There came a day when, laurel wreathed, he was trumpeted away from Hamburg, charged to beat the world as represented by Joe Louis at Madison Square, and the Jew, Joe Jacobs, his henchman-in-chief. In the shortest heavyweight championship on record Schmeling was battered into helplessness: one blow from the negro and there he lay crumpled into a state of paralysis. Back to the Fatherland was he brought on a litter to be execrated by his own folk instead of, as was intended, paraded as living proof of the invincibility of his country's pugilists, to join Neusel who had been eclipsed by Tommy Farr.

As he sowed so he reaped, for one day he arrived at Pompton Lakes where Louis had his camp, to which I had been invited, and in louder than a whisper he threatened what he would do to "the nigger" when he had him in the roped square.

Louis heard, and as he proceeded with a game of billiards he took a silent oath that when he staked the title against "the Deutschman" it would be fight to the death and that for the purposes of fighting it would be the finish of Schmeling. Without blush or blink I confess I was not sorry for Schmeling. His defeat strengthened a conviction that the youth movement of which he had been earmarked as the head had little to commend it save physical magnificence that served to cloak the brute.

As an earnest student of sport in all its phases—sport that is meant to be a physical and mental tonic—I am without faith in specialisation that has for its central aim the making of champions. I shall ever appraise sport by the joy derived from participation in sport.

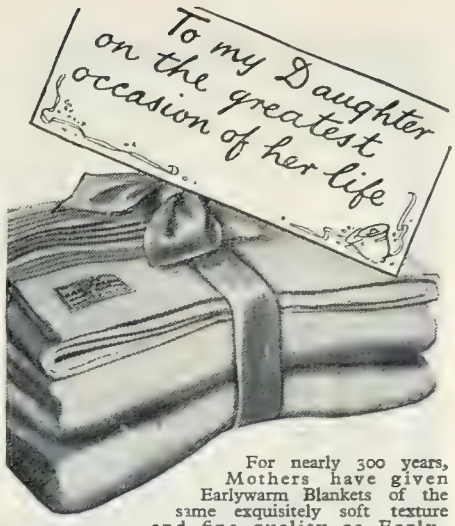
Exceptional proficiency may not be manufactured: the royal road to excellence, individual and collective, is to be found in consciousness of being correctly taught and by an appreciation of the true meaning of sport.

"A good citizen is a good sportsman"—that I would have as the slogan in the remodelling demanded by the war. It is lamented that there are too many onlookers, too few players, that there is an ever-growing tendency to dress sport in the trappings of a hippodrome. For good or ill there will always be an unlimited public for the spectacular side of sport. The danger of its being over-commercialised is nevertheless real, and without intending to be invidious I am bound to say that Association Football would cease to antagonise deep thinkers if league clubs were less blatant shopkeepers—thousands for this player, a mint of money for that "star" is bad, if not positively distasteful. That is not to belittle the professional as did Jean Borotra, the French lawn tennis ace, when appointed stocktaker of his country's sport: in no unmeasured terms he declared that he would have none of the paid gladiator, unmindful that Georges Carpentier, who, though a retired "pug," is accepted in the best of circles.

Without professionals profitable standards may not be set: it would be unmitigated snobbery to rule him out. It is from time to time inquired of me what I am decided would be most helpful when sport is again free to have its fling. It would, I am sure, be all to the good if all sporting bodies worked in closer harmony. I would have established throughout the land "a home of sport" approved coaches employed, every open space an unrestricted playground, inter-town competitions, the winners to be acknowledged champions.

It is through the agency of sport that may be found physical wealthiness, mental refreshment and an infallible antidote to unrest.

END



For nearly 300 years, Mothers have given Earlywarm Blankets of the same exquisitely soft texture and fine quality as Earlywarms to-day.

You have to be patient these days to find Earlywarms—the Earlywarm Mills are playing a full part in the national effort. But your retailer will do his best and we shall continue to send him all the supplies that can be spared from an output mainly devoted to Government and export needs.

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On duty you must look smart—but never painted. TANGEE NATURAL matches perfectly your individual colouring.
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Save money and metal by saving your lipstick container. Refills for medium and large sizes 1/6 and 4/3.

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W.A.A.F.
Kolynos, the password to whiter and brighter teeth, renders a service to the Services—and to you too!
Sold everywhere in 3 standard sizes
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
The Economical Tooth Paste

Sleuth of the Sea

(*Continued from page 27*)

sacrifice of his own prestige, Mr. Gage decided to keep this matter secret. He hid the shackle in his suitcase and searched on. As the *Doris M.* spent days at San Juan, Puerto Rico and then, at last, headed north for New York, the feeling aboard concerning Mr. Gage gradually changed. It was plain he wasn't getting anywhere.

"Better, but not good," Mr. Gage told himself. He was telling himself a lot these days. A man who liked to express himself to others, he was famished for talk.

And Captain Hall did all the talking next time he summoned his detective officer to his office. He curled his tongue round Mr. Gage like a bullwhip.

Two days out of Puerto Rico, when a north-wester was coolly sweeping the tropic humours from the ship and throwing mountains of water at her port bow Mr. Gage ventured to tackle the officers. A change of weather, he reckoned, might mean a change of mood. He tried Mr. Clintock first when the chief engineer showed up on the heaving-deck for a look over the side of his condenser water.

"A man o' your mental power must have some theories about these crimes," Mr. Gage told the craggy-browed chief.

"Aye," said Clintock. He tapped Mr. Gage on the breastbone, as a judge taps the bench with his gavel. "Ye'll find your man is that ungodly creature, the third mate. Boyd, his name is. He makes cartridge cases to sell to the government for blood money. Don't ask me his purpose; it may be just a yearning for the shedding o' blood."

Mr. Gage thanked him.

"Cartridge cases?" said Mr. Boyd, the third mate. He sniggered disrespectfully. His room resembled a metal-worker's shop. Even his bunk was strewn with bits of brass. "I use cartridge cases—any cheap scrap metal will do. I'm going to have an ornamental metal shop up on the Boston Post Road some day and give the sea a miss. The chief engineer's got his dirk into me because I offered to make him a pair of hinges for his mind. He got the gag."

MR. GAGE went on lurching from officer to officer as the north-wester threw the ship round. Then, on the lower bridge, he found carpenter, chief engineer and second mate clustered together.

They told him the news as if it were his fault. The ship was taking water. She was taking a good deal of water.

"There's no reason for it," said Mr. Bauer. "Of course the old bucket strains a bit in a seaway but the carpenter says there's plenty coming in forward. Number one."

"Pumps hold it?" Mr. Gage asked.

The chief engineer nodded.

"I figured they would," said Mr. Gage.

They dragged the third mate from his brass shop, the second engineer from his slumber and the third engineer from his dice to organise a search party. Mr. Gage's services were ignored and unofficial but it was he who found the trouble down in number one lower hold.

Someone handy with tools had sheared the heads off a few rivets fastening the shell plating on the port side. Sea water was coming through the seam in a brisk stream.

The officers, deck and blackgang, scowled at Mr. Gage. Here was plain evidence of sabotage. Captain Hall was sagging on his fat legs. He looked as if he had sweated off twenty pounds in a hurry.

"A cold chisel and a mallet did that," said the chief engineer. "The hatch was open yesterday for ventilation."

Nobody disagreed. Mr. Gage couldn't get rid of their eyes.

"I've been expecting something like this," he said uneasily.

"That's fine," said Mr. Bauer.

"Soft patching will fix it," Mr. Gage said. "It's nothing serious, though it will sound serious to the office."

"Aye, soft patching will fix it," said Captain Hall. "But who did it?" He was speaking to Mr. Gage. His voice was rough and his eyes were sparkling.

"I've got a theory," said Mr. Gage quickly.

"I'll see you in my office in twenty minutes," said the Old Man. "Meanwhile, take your theory out of this hold and give some seamen a chance to repair this leak."

Mr. Gage left. Near the carpenter's shop he paused to take a look round. Then he ducked into the dimly lighted place and hunted out a hacksaw blade among the debris of tools. This blade he thrust up his sleeve.

It was still there when he ascended a ladder and knocked at the door of the master's office. Hall ordered him in and stared at him in deep disgust.

Mr. Gage shuffled his feet. For the first time on that voyage he was poorly supplied with language.

"And you call yourself a detective!" said Captain Hall with withering emphasis.

"That's what you call me!" said Mr. Gage, and then emitted a strangled grunt. He darted across to the Old Man's bookcase and whipped out the leather bound *Bowditch*. With his back to the slower-moving Hall, he inserted the hacksaw blade among its pages.

"Look, sir, a hacksaw blade in this!" he said, displaying the tome on navigation to the shipmaster.

"Never saw it before!" said Hall. "I didn't put it there."

Mr. Gage coughed. "Looks queer," he said. "Looks as if someone was trying to frame you. That's my theory, sir."

Captain Hall rumbled.

"We'll have to search this room, your sleeping-room, the chart-room, wheelhouse—everything," said Mr. Gage and began at once. Mr. Gage worked hard. He didn't pass up anything. The search took a long time. But it was worth it.

In the back of a drawer of the Old Man's letter file he found a cold chisel, a heavy, authoritative cold chisel, and a heavy machinist's hammer. Mr. Gage looked at them with satisfaction.

"H'm, yes," he said in the most pronounced detecting style. "Somebody certainly is trying to frame you."

"If you say that again, I'll——"

"At the same time," Mr. Gage interrupted, "it wouldn't be out of the way to warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

"Then use this against me," snapped Captain Hall. "If you ever see Bay Ridge after this voyage, it'll be because you've been booted out of your berth by MacLeod!"

"I hope you're wrong, sir, but I'm not sure," said Mr. Gage. He departed sadly, with the hacksaw blade, the cold chisel and the machinist's hammer wrapped in a handkerchief, in the best detective manner. He dumped these tools temptingly on his bunk and went out on deck to spread the news of his discoveries.

Captain Hall's officers rallied loyally to his support.

"Why should the old barrage balloon bite the boat that feeds him?" asked Mr. Boyd. "If he ever loses this command his next will be a Central Park swanboat."

Mr. Bauer took over a slice of detection from Mr. Gage. He collected tooth, shoe, baking, headache and other powders from all hands, sprinkled the tools liberally and after several hours' work blasphemously reported one thumbprint, his own.

The latest injury to the ship jolted officers and men alike. Once more Gage became a menace to Chief Clintock, to Mr. Bauer, to the metal-working Mr. Boyd, the sleepy Mr. Trainer and the dice-rattling Mr. Arnaut. They felt he was desperately anxious, as New York came closer, to pin the crime on them. It was quite a crime, now. Meddling with the plates of a steamship bucking a north-westerly gale is not nice. Mr. Gage became a pariah.

He quit detection after dark. He told Captain Hall he feared assault by some innocent man anxious to preserve his innocence.

(*Continued on page 60*)

HOW TO BE CLEVER WITH COUPONS

To-day, quality has re-assumed its old and true importance. We put it first in order to ensure that what we buy shall serve us long and well.

That is why one of the cleverest ways to make the most of your coupons is to use them for Kayser 7-size Underwear.

Kayser have been making quality Underwear for over 35 years. So you can be sure that, in these days, its quality is being even more jealously safeguarded than ever.

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Insist on seeing this label on every Kayser garment you buy

PRINCESS SLIPS	*Bust*	
K.7 Rayon Satin	32", 34", 36" ...	**8/11**
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Shades: Nectarine, Ivory, Azure, Black

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Gay, lighthearted, healthy *was their life in the world's playtime. Yet we, in a sterner age, need health and vitality even more than they did.*

Nerve *versus Nerves* –yesterday and today

No one has much patience nowadays with people who grumble about "wartime nerves" and run-down condition. They are boring people. But it is a *foolish* person who, from mistaken bravery, endures headaches, exhaustion and jumpy nerves without doing anything about them. Complaints of this sort nearly always arise from one thing—lack of organic phosphorus and protein in the body, and it is precisely these which 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food will replace.

'SANATOGEN'

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable from all chemists in 22/3 *jars and* 12/1½, 6/6, *and* 2/6½ *tins (Including Tax).*

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food, denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.

Every W.B. Wool Garment you hand knit will save some of those precious clothing coupons. The following are only a few comparative examples—numerous other garments can be made with W.B. Wools showing savings on each from one to four or more coupons. Instruction leaflets may be seen at all good wool shops.

	Coupons for manufactured articles	Knitted in W.B. Melody Wools
Jumper ..	8	4 (3 ply)
Cardigan ..	8	4 (3 ply)
Pullover ..	8	6 (4 ply)

And furthermore, W.B. hand knits are a definite economy because of their extra long life, so it is to your advantage to knit your next garment in one of the

BRIGGS W·B WOOLS

SPUN BY BRIGGS AT BECK MILLS, CLAYTON, YORKS.

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W·B WOOLS ARE GOOD WOOLS

It Shines in the Services

NUGGET DARK BROWN BOOT POLISH for Extra Smartness

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"And there are lots more innocent than guilty on board," he said. "I'll take my nights in. Not much confidence in me round here."

Captain Hall grunted. It is unsettling to to be told that anything you say will be used against you. He cast a wistful look northward, where Brooklyn lay, a long two days' steaming ahead.

"I'd trade you in for a couple of shipwreckers any day, as far as my peace of mind is concerned," he told Mr. Gage in an uncontrolled burst of candour. "Your baby in Bay Ridge won't save you from the New Orleans–S.A. run."

"H'm," said Mr. Gage. "Ah—h'm!"

All things end, even a winter run north from the Caribbean. The time came when the *Doris M. MacLeod* slid into her Brooklyn pier. On the other side of the pier lay Mr. Gage's old *Henrietta*, which had passed the *Doris M.* while she lay at San Juan. The sight of her played a joyous tune on Mr. Gage's spinal cord.

But the sight of Captain Rumson and of Mr. Knapp, the jovial mate of the *Doris M.*, switched the tune to a minor key. For Captain Rumson was plainly boarding the *Doris M.* in an inquisitive mood and Mr. Knapp was not far behind.

Of a sudden Mr. Gage gulped. Hurrying after them was young Mr. MacLeod himself. Mr. Gage never felt right with owners around.

MR. GAGE did not follow these visitors to the bridge. He saw Captain Hall hurry out to greet Mr. MacLeod, shake Captain Rumson's hand and bare his teeth at Mr. Knapp, who bared his in recognition of this reunion. Mr. Gage stayed down on the well-deck and received the gangs of stevedores from the shore.

"Now listen," he said firmly to Mr. Bauer, when the second mate tried to herd him away from number two hatch, "I'm through being a passenger. I'm mate of this ship. The owner and my former Old Man are up with Hall and I don't figger on them seeing me sojering round. Sling your hook! I'm taking charge of the unloading forrad."

"It's about time you turned in your detective shield," Mr. Bauer said, grinning. "But it'll be a while before MacLeod catches on you're a deck officer."

At last he gave in. Mr. Gage got gangs of stevies set to unload numbers one and two holds. He also waylaid the carpenter, a strong-voiced man, and gave him a station and instructions.

It wasn't long before Captain Hall hailed Mr. Gage from the bridge. "Come up here, Mr. Gage!" he roared.

Mr. Gage, fussing with his cargo gear, paid no heed. He had overseen the hooking up of two winches to one cargo boom. A strong guy tackle, shackled to a massive eye-bolt in the bulwark, held steady the top of the boom. Before discharging humdrum cargo Mr. Gage had an ancient and weighty English motor car, prized possession of a Venezuelan cacao king, to set on the pier.

Again Captain Hall hailed. This time Mr. Gage looked up at the heads of Captain Hall, Mr. Knapp and Captain Rumson, but he stuck to his job.

Captain Hall came down to the well-deck fast, and with him the grinning Mr. Knapp and Captain Rumson. Mr. MacLeod, with a dignified air of detachment, came separately, as befitted the front office.

"I called you, sir," said Hall in a dangerous voice.

"Wait'll I sling this car overside and I'll go detective for you, sir," said Mr. Gage, motioning to the stevie boss. "I——"

"You'll report your failure here and now," said Captain Hall, scandalised at this indifference to the presence of the owner.

Young Mr. MacLeod squinted narrowly at Mr. Gage. "What're you up to now?"

Mr. Gage coughed self-consciously. "Detective work, sir, only I messed it up."

Mr. MacLeod frowned. "Confession is good for the soul, Gage, but bad for the job. I've had reports about the damage to the ship by a saboteur. You've failed to catch him?"

"Worse than that, sir," said Mr. Gage.

"I've got things stern foremost. I let him get away before I even came aboard."

He nodded at Mr. Knapp. "You see, Mr. MacLeod, I swopped places with Mr. Knapp, here, and it's Mr. Knapp who's the wrecker."

There was a stunned silence.

Mr. Knapp smiled his broadest. "I'm trying to see the joke," he said.

"I'm compelled to say," Captain Hall said unwillingly, "that the ship was damaged and an attempt made to incriminate me days after Mr. Knapp had left the ship."

"Thank you, captain," said Mr. Knapp in soft mockery.

Hall blew his breath out between his teeth in emphatic rejection of this thanks.

"You see, sir, I messed it up because even after I'd seen Cap'n Hall and Mr. Knapp perform like they're doing now, I wasn't positive that Mr. Knapp was guilty," Mr. Gage said.

He shook his head at himself. "As tough a hate as that, jealousy plus Mr. Knapp's keenness for command, and I was too flibberty to pin it down as the motive. It had to be the motive. Seamen don't kick a ship round without a big reason. And it was a hundred to one no other reason as big as that was aboard." He sighed. "I'm sorry, sir."

"I admit, Mr. MacLeod, that Mr. Knapp's dislike of me might lead him to plot to have me retired in disgrace," Captain Hall said quickly. "Of course Mr. Knapp might have an accomplice in her."

Mr. Gage shook his head. Mr. Knapp closed his mouth as the owner raised a hand.

"You've been accused, Mr. Knapp, apparently unjustly," the owner said. "We'll clear this up now. Go ahead, Gage, but you'd better make it convincing."

Mr. Gage emitted something between a grunt and a groan. "I can't go ahead. I messed it up, sir. I haven't got any proof."

"Then——"

"Just a minute, sir; you're paying for these stevies," Mr. Gage said. He walked to the hatch and shouted down to the men below to get the slings on the cacao man's old gasoline ark. Nobody in the group moved until he came back, sadly shaking his head.

"It should ha' been plain from the first jingle," he said. "Here's niggling sabotage—cargo spoiled, anchor lost, chemicals in the boiler water, radio wrecked, fire in the paint locker. Not enough trouble to make an owner lay up the ship but enough to make him wonder if it wasn't time to retire her skipper."

Mr. MacLeod looked at Gage quickly.

"Now the plain way and the easy way to bedevil a ship and her captain and crew is to monkey with her cargo gear," Mr. Gage went on.

"Tinkering with cargo gear gives instant and spectacular results," he said. "Why didn't the wrecker diddle that? Well, my answer is that gargo gear, more than anything else in her, is under the eye of the mate. A shipmaster could come close to beaching his mate for cargo gear failure whatever the mate's excuse."

He glanced from the master to the mate. "That's why Mr. Knapp didn't pull any sabotage in that department," he said. "Damage there would have hurt Knapp more than it would have hurt Cap'n Hall."

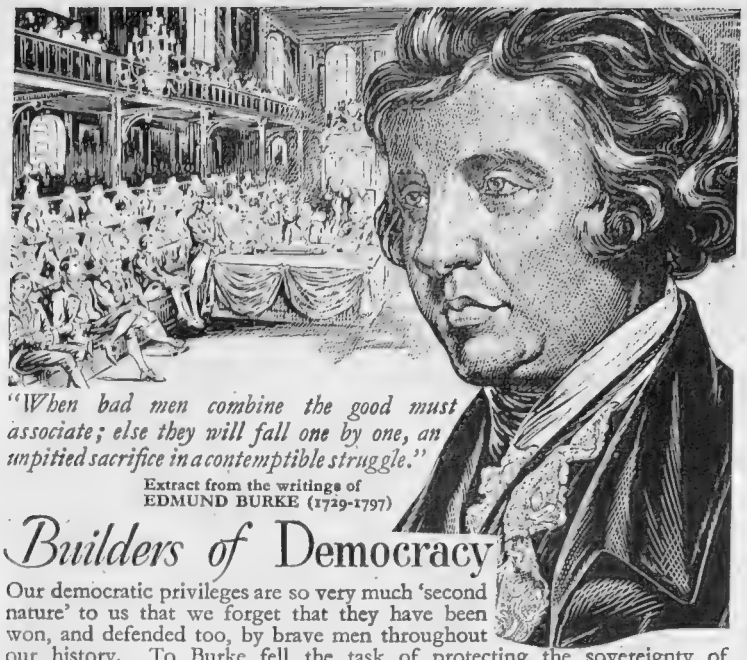
Mr. Knapp kept his eyes steady. "Maybe you're just proving I kept the cargo gear in perfect shape," he said to Gage.

"What makes me sore is I haven't a bit of real proof," said Mr. Gage. He was gloomy about it.

"Now tell how I could injure the *Doris M.* when I was in the *Henrietta*," said Mr. Knapp. "Did I cut those rivets by telepathy or by radio?"

"There's a mess," said Gage. "How do I go about proving that what Knapp did was cut those rivets almost through before he joined the *Henrietta*? How do I make you believe he fixed 'em so they wouldn't sheer off, loosen the plates and start a leak until the ship was straining in heavy weather?"

Mr. MacLeod (*Continued on page* 62)



"When bad men combine the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle."

Extract from the writings of
EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797)

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„ Athletic Singlets or Trunks - from 4/1	„ Pantees - - „ 3/2	„ Knickers „ 2/5
	„ Knickers - „ 4/4	„ Pyjamas „ 6/2
	„ Nightdresses „ 8/10	Infants' Nightdresses „ 5/7
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Some houses look bright and sunny even on the greyest day. They seem to smile a greeting as you pass. Trimly curtained windows—that's their secret! Curtains tailored by workroom experts and fitted with "Rufflette" tape with hooks or rings. These "Rufflette" products—including "Rufflette" runner rails—have long been firm favourites. Today, demand exceeds supply. And although your shopkeeper may have to keep you waiting, you won't need coupons when supplies come through.

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grunted. He looked thoughtful, but he shook his head at Mr. Gage. "It's only negative proof, Gage," he said.

"That's right, sir," Mr. Gage agreed. "And even though I found the hammer an' chisel Knapp used planted in the back of the Old—Cap'n Hall's—filing case, that wouldn't prove anything, either. Knapp planted 'em so he could claim Cap'n Hall himself had done it because he wanted to retire on that big pension."

"And he planted the hacksaw blade," said Captain Hall.

"The hacksaw blade was just to get you in the mood to have your stuff searched," said Mr. Gage. "It takes crust to search your cap'n's private possessions. But I figured Mr. Knapp wouldn't overlook a chance to implicate you."

"And you were right!" Captain Hall exclaimed. In spite of Mr. Knapp's derisive smile he appealed to Mr. MacLeod :

"Doesn't this prove Knapp was trying to blacken my character?"

Brashly Mr. Gage answered for the silent owner. "No, it don't, not enough. It's like I said, Mr. MacLeod, I messed up the detective job. No proof! I'd better go back to handlin' cargo; I c'n do that. And I can't prove a thing."

Abruptly he left them standing by the rail and walked to the open hatch. The little group stood still a moment, watching him, and the only sound from them was Mr. Knapp's contemptuous laugh.

Mr. Gage looked down at the ancient vehicle in the 'tween decks and twirled a finger to the winchmen.

The winch clattered. Up through the hatchway rose the ponderous pride of the cacao king. Under the drag of the wire on the cargo boom the huge car emerged from the hold and hung there, swaying gently. The man at the guy that controlled the movement of the boom got set: It was his job to ease off, to let the massive boom slowly swing the car over the side of the ship.

Mr. Gage put a hand to his hat. Of a sudden the carpenter, on the opposite side of the deck, let go a yell. It was a mighty roar.

Sleuth of the Sea

Startled, the owner and the two shipmasters looked at the carpenter. But Mr. Knapp did not look. At the first sound of that warning yell he leaped five feet and flung himself flat on the deck. It was a movement lightning-fast, like a man leaping for life from the path of a speeding locomotive.

THE huge car, suspended, still swayed slowly above the hatch. The man on the guy held everything, waiting. He could not slack away because the movement of the boom would swing that car right into the group at the rail. Mr. Gage moved almost as fast as Mr. Knapp. He jumped towards the prostrate mate and stood over him.

"Maybe I can prove something!" he said. "Maybe I can prove you expected that car to swing over and knock you galley-west when the shackle pin on the guy broke! Why else would you duck? Why else?"

He pulled a shackle from his pocket and thrust it down at Knapp. "There's a good shackle on the guy! This is the one you hacksawed almost through when you left me in the *Doris* to take the blame for damaged cargo gear."

Mr. Gage whipped round to the owner and the two masters.

"What's the verdict?" he demanded.

Mr. Knapp read the verdict in their faces without help of words. That frantic leap for safety beyond the path of the boom had convicted him beyond possibility of doubt. No words, no argument, would save him now. He backed towards the gangway.

Captain Hall shot towards him, dignity forgotten, fat arms flailing. Knapp hesitated; then turned and ran.

Mr. Gage looked Captain Rumson in the eye. "This cleans me up on the *Doris*, sir," he said. "If the *Henrietta's* finished discharging cargo—I believe I mentioned to you I have a baby in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn that——"

"Take my car, Mr. Gage," said young Mr. MacLeod.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 28)

Her children sound lovely without any "proud mother" tales; and the succession of batmen who mothered them, and did it with all the adaptability of a Tommy, throw a new light on the invaluable but humbler ranks.

AND so to America for "The Captain From Connecticut" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) by C. S. Forrester, who gives us yet again a racy story of a time when war was a more leisurely and gentlemanly affair. The American skipper, Peabody, breaks through the British blockade of Long Island and plays hell with our trade in the West Indies in his speedy frigate. There are plenty of battles, convincingly described with all the vigour of a virile and accurate mind, and finally the amusing situation of the British squadron sent to capture him, and his own frigate, both bound in the neutral port of Martinique by the scheming French governor, whose daughter Peabody marries. This is a good situation with a good ending to satisfy every one but the most bloodthirsty.

"Sapphira and the Slave Girl" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) by Willa Cather, describes life in Virginia from 1856 onwards with crippled Sapphira Colbert mothering and dominating her slaves. The story and the pictures of life in those days, with its binding hospitality, its polite phrase about "fooling a girl," and its implications, portray a time which seems very far away. But it is not unpleasant to have them skilfully recalled.

GEORGE SAVA is a prolific writer, as well as a busy professional man. Apart from his books about medical life he has recently produced one on Rasputin, and now a travel book from his pen comes out about the little-known peoples of the Caucasus. "The Valley of Forgotten People" (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.) is linked together by a very thin story about some twenty-five years ago when he wandered searching in this country where over two hundred different languages are spoken, one of which is so difficult that only one man knew it, and another which is too difficult to write, and so has no alphabet. It is full of strange customs and facts about this land of lost people and is your meat if you like that type of book. I was entertained and even regretted the sixteen pages which, owing to an accident in printing, were missing from my copy.

George Sava also provides the foreword to another book, "The Unwanted Child" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) in which Peter Conway, a surgeon, deals with the many problems which hedge the question of abortion. Do not be put off by the subject, which is dealt with as a tale with as many endings as there are possible solutions. One solution involves the surgeon in a law case, and here the arguments for and against can be argued with legal clarity. There is nothing sordid, and whatever your views on the legalisation of this very minor operation, you will know more about it and realise what a thorny question it is after reading this.

AND finally we come to "This Little Hand" (Robert Hale, 8s.). When I first met Pamela Kellino, the daughter of a film magnate, she was starring in her first film with Conrad Veidt, *Jew Suss*, and was officially listed as a starlet. What she has learned since those days seems to be a lot about a very grim type of life, a London girl who goes to live with an Indian "doctor" who performs illegal operations. Flo, the heroine, is sometimes too intelligent, sometimes too dumb. She becomes an accessory to two brutal murders and finally kills her lover. It certainly justifies the claim that it is "unusual." Thank heavens!

END

Fantasy in Yellow

(*Continued from page 7*)

The heads of the British and American governments have met, tardily, in the Atlantic, and seem agreed on what happens if, as and when Japan crosses an Asiatic-Pacific Rubicon not publicly defined. The explosive Beaverbrook has been loose in Washington, and the American arms programme is being completely recast, and stepped up. Roosevelt has evoked Lincoln in a reminder to the American people that the war will not be won by strategy, but only by bitter, hard fighting, and that he accepts the judgment of his naval and military officers before that of even the most sincere isolationist.

All of which, one hopes, has a follow-through, and does not come too late. If the Atlantic meeting had occurred in April instead of August, would Japan now have her air squadrons strung down the Indo-China flank of Asia, 600 to 700 miles from Singapore, with an army headquarters in tree-shaded Saigon, and a fleet in Haiphong harbour? Probably not.

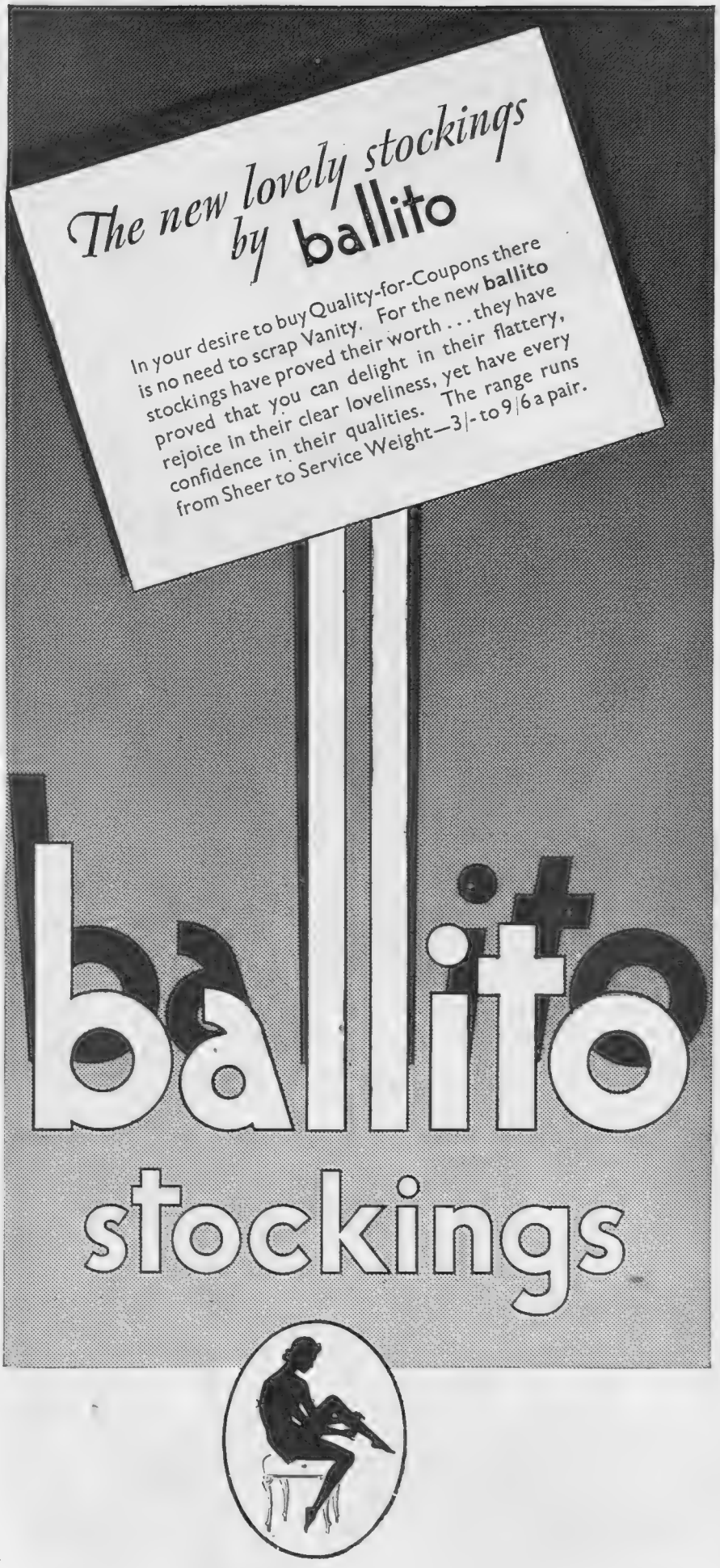
Without fighting, Japan is currently freezing large British forces and resources, and the main American fleet, as the Nazi horde slowly fights its way towards oil, iron and grain, and makes gestures of a link-up across the Asiatic spaces. In a war showdown, however, Japan's position is weaker than it looks. On the Manchukuo frontier Stalin maintains an army of a million, with a useful bomber fleet. The British, Dutch and Americans dispose of formidable forces in the Pacific and the South China Sea. The Japanese navy, despite four 40,000-ton battleships launched last year, and two more building, is no match for America's Pacific fleet (its nine other capital ships are twenty years old, its naval aviation obsolete by modern standards).

JAPAN is believed to have oil stocks for a year. Otherwise, beyond stocks, she lacks oil, rubber, tin, manganese, iron ore, cotton, wool, and most other basic war materials. Hitherto she has supplied herself by purchase from the British Empire, the Dutch Indies, the Philippines, America. Industrially, she is weak, and American factories, mainly, have supplied her war machine. The air arm might be the decisive factor in a Pacific war, and Japan cannot build a great air fleet: she lacks engineers, production facilities, training centres. Finally, Japan has a million or more troops bogged down in China.

"How best can we exploit the civil war of the white races to further our Asiatic empire-building projects?" The Japanese leaders would find that conundrum tough enough if left to themselves, generals, admirals, politicians, diplomats, business and banking magnates, banging the conference tables, and yelling at one another, with the unfortunate Emperor—himself a moderate, who wants only a peaceful life with his nice wife and youngsters, and his pet microscope—dragged in as umpire. But they are not left to themselves. They have Nazi ambassador General Ott, and Hitler's most assiduous fifth column, on their necks and in their bird's-nest soup. There are between 3,000 and 5,000 of those fifth columnists, organised by Ott and occupying key places as advisers, instructors, technicians, in Japan's economic and government machine.

Where Ribbentrop failed in London, Ott has succeeded in Tokyo. He has made himself influential in politics. He achieves this through his association with army chiefs who think in tune with the Nazis. The militarists wield disproportionate power in Japanese government owing to the law reserving the ministries of war and navy for generals and admirals respectively. But General von Falkenhausen once classified Japanese generals as third rate, and on the brain power and imagination side he may be right.

When they kicked off their war on China, staging a skirmish between Japanese and Chinese soldiers at Marco Polo Bridge, outside Peiping, on (*Continued on page 64*)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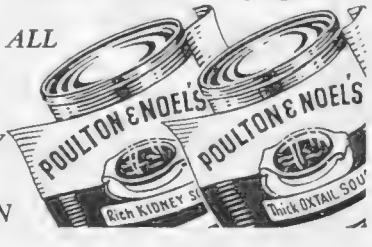

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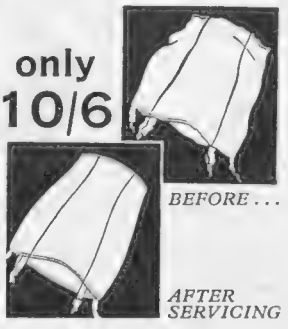

BEFORE . . .

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Fantasy in Yellow

July 7, 1937, the Nipponese high command promised to finish in three months. Said General Araki: "When the chrysanthemums bloom, the women will have their soldiers back." The soldiers duly came, but as ashes neatly packed in little earthenware jars, for interment in the tombs of their ancestors.

First, the Japanese drove into Nanking and Hangchow, and said the war was over. Just then the Chinese counter-attacked, breached the Yellow River dykes—Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek learnt about war in the Red Army military academy, as well as the Tokyo staff college, and the scorched-earth policy is an old story with him—and in the battle of Taierchwang inflicted on the astounded Japanese their first major defeat of modern times. But, lacking tanks, aircraft, and munitions, the attack petered out; and the Japanese, reinforced, drove up the Yangtze, and down to Canton. Chiang Kai-shek's government retired to Chung-king in October, 1938, and the Japanese again said the war was over. That was three years ago. China is unconquered, draining Japan's strength. Japanese rule runs only in the track of Japanese garrisons. Free China still holds the interior, and its government still functions effectively from Chung-king, which holds the world's duration record for bombing — a million people inhabit the city, and as fast as Japanese bombs smash the centre, the Chinese rebuild it in the suburbs.

Although the Japanese have a bevy of quislings, an immense espionage network, and hordes of secret police on the job, they cannot quell Chinese résistance, passive and active. It's too big, and too ramified. The Green Dragon and a dozen other secret societies, once terrorist and revolutionary, now patriotic and anti-Japanese, harry invader and quisling. The Japanese are never quite certain whether a local quisling is really a quisling, or a camouflaged patriot. Even when he is a genuine traitor, the patriots frequently manage to plant a secret agent close to him to learn his and Japan's secrets, and outwit both.

Whence comes this capacity for resistance? China has found leadership, and backers. Chiang Kai-shek, the farmer's son, born in a Ningpo mud hut, educated for war in Tokyo and Moscow and for politics in Sun Yat-sen's circle, and his westernised and lovely wife, Mayling, born in the palace of the millionaire Soongs, provide the leadership. Britain, America and Russia, provide the backing.

Stalin has used Chiang to cut down Japan's power to move from Inner to Outer Mongolia, a province thrice the size of France, rich in gold, silver, lead, tin and copper, which Stalin has successfully brought into the Red empire as the Mongolian People's Republic.

Incidentally, China acts also as a picador cutting down the Japanese bull's strength to charge and get his horns into the coveted Siberian maritime province, acquisition of which would round off Japan's Manchukuo colony, remove the standing Russian threat in that zone, and give Japan Vladivostock, Russia's gateway to the Pacific.

Like motives of self-interest keep America —who views Japan as Britain views Germany —and Britain, aiding the Generalissimo. Their supplies go via Rangoon, and up the Burma Road, which the Japanese bomb regularly, but cannot put out of action for more than a day or two at a time.

China is to Japan what Russia is to Germany, except that the Asiatic Ukraine is not in China, but is constituted by Indo-China and Thailand, each about the size of France, rich in minerals, the great rice growers of the East. If Japan thrust from her new Indo-China bases through Thailand, she would be all set to drive into Burma, and cut Chiang's southern supply lines. Then, argue the Japanese strategists, with Stalin needing all his war material for the fight with the Nazi masses, Chiang will at last be strangled, and we can consolidate our Asiatic empire, a bloc of more than 600,000,000 souls, and prepare for the next move on and up.

Strategy, however, is one thing, and execution another—as Hitler has discovered in his time. To cut Free China's life lines,

Japan must crash through a couple of buffer states. Indo-China was her Czechoslovakia, but Thailand is her Poland, and her leaders knew by August, 1941, that if they crossed that frontier they would be at war with Britain and America.

Or would they? "No," whispers General Ott in Tokyo. "Go on and risk it. Strike there, and raid into the South China Sea. Go in and snatch the Dutch Indies. Send an expeditionary force to Australia. The Americans won't fight; they haven't got an army. Half the Congress voted against keeping the drafted men more than a year. They'll panic, keep their supplies for themselves, and then we'll smash the British. Don't worry about the Russians; we'll fix them. One good push now with everything you've got, and the world is ours!"

But the Japanese, with their governmental mixture of extremists, opportunists, and moderates, hesitate. If they cross the Rubicon, there will be no drawing back. They may find themselves with a multi-front war.

And even if they score some preliminary successes by moving first, what happens if Hitler, after all, fails? A gigantic British fleet will steam back to Singapore, now held chiefly by planes and guns. The Americans will later have an even bigger two-ocean navy, and nothing to do with it—or with a gigantic long-range bomber fleet—except break the pipe whence eddies the glamorous Japanese expansionist dream.

A difficult dilemma for the dreamer. Small wonder Premier Prince Konoye periodically retires to his bed, and the Emperor Hirohito resorts to the aspirin bottle whenever an elder statesman is announced at Yebo Castle.

They're Passé

(*Continued from page* 31)

be to those who have thronged the services, to those who have been quietly heroic, to those who have made real sacrifices, to watch the pre-war woman patronising the war, patting it on the head, telling it to be a good little boy now and go away and play and not bother her any more.

Happily, there is another side to the picture. And it represents a woman who is unsung, unheralded, her war work has no uniform, no glamour. Call her the woman who keeps the home fire burning, and what do I care if it sounds like bathos.

Like the others, she used to wear a coquettish hat, and a locket on her bosom, and play about with experimental make-up. Outwardly she had elegance and poise and the sense of fun, inside the understanding heart, the wit and perception to know that her personality had to keep on the move when her background so dramatically changed.

She is neither bossy nor hysterical. You don't hear her screaming over too many drinks, "Let's have a good time while we can!" But neither does she p..ss up a good party. She is learning how to make little ado about something.

Her war day is a brimming cup of activity. There's never a moment, what with part-time war work, a house to run with a char instead of two maids, gardening, the daily frustration of shopping, late laundries, good appearances to be upheld with depleting resources, less clothes, less money.

Food rationing and shortage only spurs her ingenuity. She has become a skilful cajoling marketer, and the meals she runs up for her family surprise herself who cooked but rarely. So her hairdresser was called up? Pouf. She can wash and set her own. No handy man for that odd carpentering job? So what. She has learned how to make her own hammer noises.

She keeps chickens, her tomatoes that didn't ripen are chutney by now, she was cockahoop over the first jam she had ever made and wished someone could bottle the smell of the making. She has put out incendiaries and borne heavy personal losses. She never had so much charm, so much vitality. She belongs to this day, to this very minute, side by side with service women, the munitions girl, the mother who has given her sons. Whether she's eighteen or forty-eight now, she will never be passé.

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"That's all right, Mr. Goodweight, I have a little at home which will carry me over, but let me have a tin as soon as it comes in. I always like to have some in the house, it keeps the home so bright, clean and healthy."

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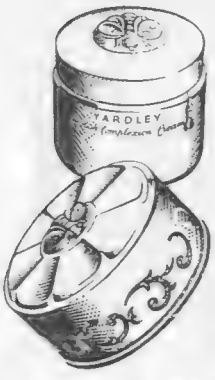

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The Odd Jacket

(*Continued from page* 39)

5th row.—P. 4, * k. 3, p. 5, k. 3, p. 7; rep. from * ending p. 4.

6th row.—K. 2, * k. 2 tog., p. 3, k. twice into next st., k. 3, k. 3, twice into next st., p. 3, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.; rep. from * ending k. 2.

7th row.—P. 3, * k. 3, p. 7, k. 3, p. 5; rep. from * ending p. 3.

8th row.—K. 1, * k. 2 tog., p. 3, k. twice into next st., k. 5, k. twice into next st., p. 3, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1; rep. from * to end of row.

9th row.—P. 2, * k. 3, p. 9, k. 3, p. 3; rep. from * ending p. 2.

10th row.—K. 2, * p. 3, k. 9, p. 3, k. 3; rep. from * ending k. 2.

Rep. 9th and 10th rows twice.

15th row.—As 9th. **16th row.**—K. 1, * k. twice into the next st., p. 3, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 5, k. 2 tog., p. 3, k. twice into next st., k. 1; rep. from * to end of row.

17th row.—P. 3, * k. 3, p. 7, k. 3, p. 5; rep. from * ending p. 3.

18th row.—K. 2, * k. twice into the next st., p. 3, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3, k. 2 tog., p. 3, k. twice into the next st., k. 3; rep. from * ending k. 2.

19th row.—P. 4, * k. 3, p. 5, k. 3, p. 7; rep. from * ending p. 4.

20th row.—K. 3, * k. twice into the next st., p. 3, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 3, k. twice into the next st., k. 5; rep. from * ending k. 3.

21st row.—P. 5, * k. 3, p. 3, k. 3, p. 9; rep. from * ending p. 5.

22nd row.—K. 4, * k. twice into the next st., p. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., p. 3, k. twice into the next st., p. 7; rep. from * ending k. 4.

23rd row.—As 1st row. **24th row.**—K. 6, * p. 3, k. 1, p. 3, k. 11; rep. from * ending k. 6.

25th row.—As 1st row. **26th row.**—K. 6, * sl. next 4 sts. on to spare needle and place in front of work, p. the next 3 sts., sl. the k. st. from the spare needle back on to the left-hand needle, k. this st., p. the 3 remaining sts. from the spare needle, k. 11.; rep. from * ending k. 6.

27th row.—As 1st row. **28th row.**—As 24th row.

These 28 rows make the patt.

Work one patt., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row following until 85 sts. Work without further shaping until 18 ins. from the beg. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 35 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE BACK

With No. 8 needles cast on 91 sts. Rib 6 rows k. 1, p. 1. Continue in patt. until 3½ ins. from the beg., then inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row, until 111 sts. Work without further shaping until 13 ins. from the beg.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Work 7 ins. on the remaining sts.

SHAPE THE SHOULDERS

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

THE POCKET LININGS (Make Two)

With No. 8 needles cast on 30 sts. Work 4 ins. in st.st. (1 row k., 1 row p.). Break off wool and leave on a spare needle.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 8 needles cast on 55 sts. Work as for the back for 4 ins., inc. at the armhole edge only.

SHAPE THE POCKET SLIT

Work 12 sts., cast off 30, work to end of row.

Next row.—Work back to where sts. were cast off. Work pocket lining sts. in their place, work 12 sts. Continue as for the back until 13 ins. from the beg., inc. every 4th row at the armhole edge only until 65 sts.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLE (Wrong Side Facing)

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next and every alternate row following until 53 sts. remain. Work 2 ins. without shaping, then dec. 1 st. every alternate row, at the front edge, until 41 sts. remain. Then every row until 29 sts. remain.

SHAPE THE SHOULDER
(Wrong Side Facing)

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next and every alternate row following until 8 sts. remain. Work back, cast off 8.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front until 4 ins. from the beg.

SHAPE THE POCKET SLIT

Work to the last 42 sts., cast off 30, work 12. **Next row.**—Work 12 sts. Work pocket lining sts. in place of those cast off. Work to end of row. Continue as for the right front until 13 ins. from the beg.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLE
(Right Side Facing)

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next and every alternate row following until 53 sts. remain. Work 2 ins. without shaping, then dec. 1 st. every row at the front edge until 41 sts. remain, then every row until 29 sts.

SHAPE THE SHOULDER
(Right Side Facing)

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next and every alternate row following until 8 sts. remain. Work back, cast off 8.

THE COLLAR

With No. 12 needles cast on 110 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 70 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS AND LAPELS
(Make Two)

With No. 12 needles cast on 10 sts. Rib ½ in. in k. 1, p. 1, make a buttonhole. Rib 2, cast off 6, rib 2. **Next row.**—Rib 2, cast on 6, rib 2. Work until 15¾ ins. from the beg., making 5 more buttonholes 3 ins. apart.

SHAPE THE LAPEL

Cast on 32 sts. at the beg. of the next row. Then dec. 1 st. every row at the outside of work until 3 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another piece to correspond, omitting the buttonholes.

THE POCKET TOPS

With No. 10 needles pick up and k. 30 sts. along each top of the pocket slit. Work 10 rows k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams. Sew in sleeves, arranging the fullness at the shoulders. Sew on the front strips and lapels neatly. Sew the collar to the back of neck, and lapels. Stitch pocket linings to inside of fronts and the pocket tops into position. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

Sequin Sequence

(*Continued from page* 39)

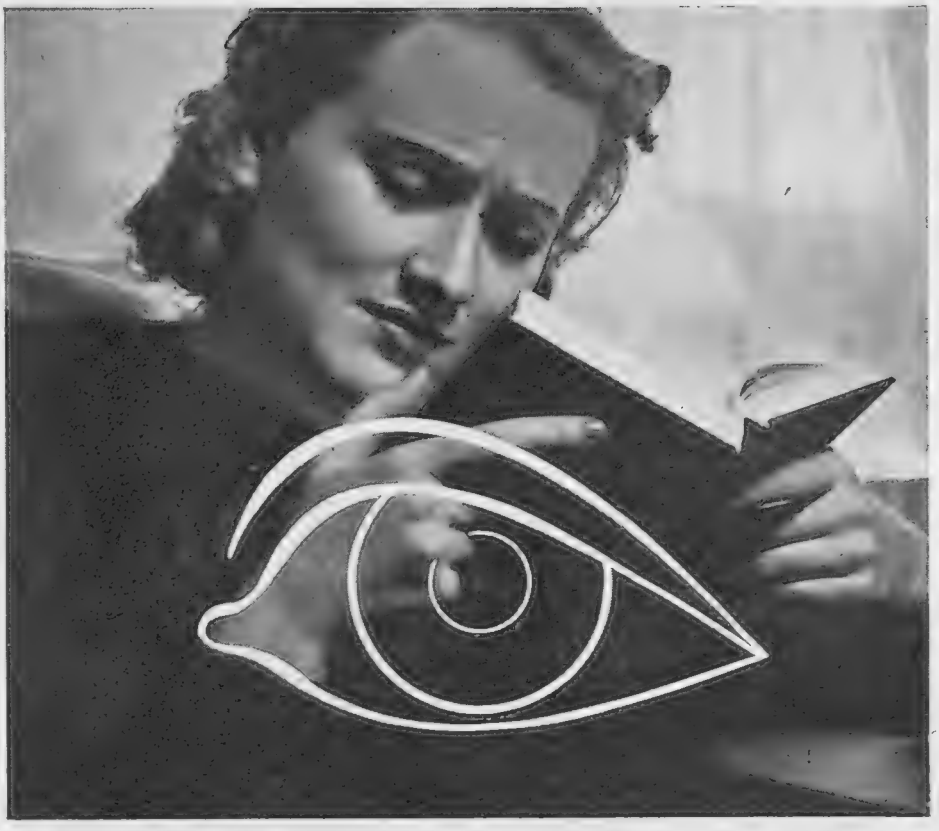
rows all k. Continue these alternate bands of all k. and patt. until there are 6 ins. worked. Now inc. by casting on 2 sts. at beg. of every 3rd row (so that it comes on alternate sides) until there are 83 sts. Work straight until side seams are 15 ins. Now cast off 2 sts., replace the st. on right needle on to left and patt. remains as before to work to end of row. Continue to cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until there are 67 sts. Work straight all k. until armholes measure 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of every row, leaving 31 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armhole dec. is finished. With right side facing, work all k. for 33 sts. Turn, cast on 3 sts., leaving other 34 on holder until later. Continue all k. on these 36 sts. until armholes are 6 ins. round curve. Cast off 4 sts. at neck edge and k. 2 tog. here on every row until there are 18 sts. Work a few rows to make armholes 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Cast on 2 sts. at centre and work to correspond to left side, but after 1 in. is worked work a buttonhole by knitting tog. 3rd and 4th sts. from edge, w.fd., work to end. Continue buttonholes every inch until top of neck is reached. Finish to correspond to left side.

THE SLEEVES (Two Alike)

Cast on 65 sts. Work the pat. for 3 ins. Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of every row until there are 77 sts. Work all (*Continued on page* 68)



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(3) Never rub your eyes when they ache or water—particularly if you have a piece of dirt in the eye, or if you have a stye or boil. You aggravate the trouble and do real damage. Always bathe the eye and if the trouble persists, consult a doctor.

(4) Don't read in bright sunlight or twilight.

(5) If you have the slightest doubt as to the efficiency of your sight, consult a Qualified Practitioner at once.

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THE NEXT DAY
YOU SEE, SIR, SHOES LIKE THESE WILL SOON BE UNOBTAINABLE. SO MADAM TOOK MY ADVICE AND NOW SHE BRINGS HER NEW SHOES TO ME TO BE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS BEFORE SHE WEARS THEM. THEN THE ORIGINAL SOLE AND HEEL NEVER TAKE ANY OF THE WEAR. THE SHOE NEVER LOSES ITS SHAPE
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Sequin Sequence

k. and cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every 3rd row (so that it comes on alternate sides) until there are 47 sts. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 70 sts. Work all k. for 2 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up shoulder, sleeve and one side seam. Sew on collar and buttons. Edge collar with sequin trimming, sewing down centre of line. Cut trimming into lengths to be sewn on knitting. Darn, fitting the figure, while jersey is being worn. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders. Sew zip into side seam.

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

contented herself instead with keeping an eye on the couple throughout the rest of the march to Breda. There she observed that the pair had taken a room for the night. Now, however broadminded and generous Kit might wish to be, this discovery was a little too much for a wife who had gone through all that she had done.

She asked the innkeeper to call Corporal Welsh to receive an urgent message. Richard came at once. The two corporals stood face to face, without a word between them. Now it was Richard's turn to wonder whether his eyesight was playing some strange trick. The silence was broken by Kit, who broke into an impassioned account of all her wanderings and vicissitudes in search of him. She spared the bewildered man nothing. When Richard recovered his voice he poured out his love and protestations in a manner as emphatic as hers. Kit listened with mixed feelings. Secretly gratified by his obvious sincerity, she asked him what he proposed to do about the woman waiting upstairs. Without hesitation Richard undertook to dispose of the obstacle and he departed at once to face a fresh storm from his light-of-love. He and Kit had agreed not to resume their marital life while the war lasted. However, an unforeseen incident altered the course of the epilogue to this romantic story.

At Remilly Corporal John took part in the famous battle in which the Scots Greys distinguished themselves so conspicuously. But at the very end of the action a shell from a mortar wounded her in the back of the head and she fell with a fractured skull.

At the hospital of Meldert she underwent a successful operation for trepanning; but during the period of unconsciousness the "corporal" had been undressed and the secret, concealed so long and so cleverly, was at last revealed. When she finally left the hospital she was re-married, amid great merriment, to the proud and blushing Richard.

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page 29*)

your name embroidered across the front. Elegant hand-worked nighties cost four guineas.

ON DUTY The whys and wherefores of coupons for uniforms seem to me about as complicated as Mr. Culbertson's conventions for contract bridge. A little while ago I was in the uniform department of one of our largest London stores. A flibberty-gibberty of a girl behind the counter was trying to play Shylock to a nurse in uniform with two stars on her shoulder. It appeared that the nurse had bought some uniform collars, cuffs and aprons and paid the bill. Assistant Shylock held both receipt and parcel, and before she handed them over she announced: "You should give me coupons for these." The nurse replied that all she had to do in other shops was to sign the bill, guaranteeing that the goods bought were to be worn as uniform. "How do I know you are a nurse?" asked the assistant. "By using your eyes," said the nurse crisply, and added, "what do you think I am wearing these clothes for?" She got her way and her uniform accessories without coupons, but it does seem silly that this kind of argument is necessary. Regulations should be clearly printed and hung in every department where uniform is sold.

Fingers

(*Continued from page 12*)

Walters made his business trips for another month without anything happening; then, at the end of the fourth week, while he was standing outside the restaurant-car waiting for the attendant to arrive so that he could reserve his place, the man he was looking for came up; there was no mistaking that paunch and the three war medals in his coat lapel. When the attendant came, Walters let the fat man speak first. "One, please—second service," he said.

"And for me," Walters said, holding out his hand.

The other pocketed his ticket and walked away; Walters followed him down the platform until he got into a carriage; he left when he saw him reading a newspaper. He had only asked for one ticket, Walters remembered.

To test matters he went along to the corridor next to the dining-car before the second service, waited till the fat man came along, followed him in, and sat down opposite him at a table for two. The other sat reading a paper; he did not even look up to see who had taken the other seat.

Walters waited till he put the paper down. "Do you mind if I have a look at that?" he asked.

The other gave him the paper.

Walters read the paper for a time, then handed it back; as he did so he looked at the badge of war ribbons on his companion's coat; "I see you were in the last show; I had some of it," he said.

The other nodded.

Walters thought that in appearance the man looked like a publican. Perhaps he was a publican. They had both ordered beer with their dinner; taking a drink from his glass, Walters set it down and said : "This stuff is getting hard to get."

"You're telling me," the other said, his manner thawing. "I'm in the business; if things go on like this it won't be worth keeping open."

So he was a publican ! Mr. Walters looked sympathetic. "Conditions vary in different parts, don't they," he said; "they seem to have plenty of beer down south."

"It's short in London—in my part, anyway; I've got a little place in the King's Road."

Walters was almost convinced of the man's genuineness. Surely he would not tell him where his pub was if he had anything to hide. He would have given up if he had not remembered those unfastened waistcoat buttons and that smart foreign-looking girl with red hands. Thinking about these things he decided to make one more test.

"Didn't we travel down in this train about a month ago?" he asked.

"Not me; I haven't been north since the war started," the other spoke decidedly.

Walters was shaken by this; the other's manner was perfectly frank. Had he got the wrong man? One could make that mistake—think somebody was the same man one had seen before. He would have to find out. He put his hand to his waistcoat and undid the top button, then he shoved his hand inside the waistcoat and fumbled. The other held his knife and fork poised; he stopped eating and stared.

"Buckle of my braces digging into me; the strap must have got twisted," Walters said, making an adjustment, then fastening his waistcoat button.

"It does happen," the other answered; his face had relaxed.

Now Walters knew he had made no mistake. The situation was that his companion did not remember seeing him before; this was perfect. He spent the rest of the meal setting the other at ease; telling him about his own business—the precision tools that his firm made, without details; he showed the fat man his trade card with "Director" written on it; he even showed his season ticket; he did not leave the other any reason to doubt who he was or make him suspicious and, (*Continued on page 70*)

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when they parted, he had an invitation to drop into the other's pub next time he was down Chelsea way. The pub was called "The Bull."

THAT night Walters reported to Major Mayne.

"Carry on; you're doing fine; I think when you go there you'll learn something. Do you mind going alone?

"Not a bit."

After leaving the major's club, Walters set off for the pub in the King's Road; he was in a state of excitement and exultancy; there was no doubt he had something. The major had said that during the week, or maybe during the next day, the police would find out everything about the proprietor of "The Bull," whose name Walters did not yet know himself.

Sitting on top of the bus, a prosperous business man who no longer used his car, Mr. Walters' doubts that he was not taking his full share in the Battle of Britain vanished. Why, if he uncovered something that evening he might be killed. Major Mayne had said: "Keep in the public bars—don't go into any back rooms; these people have got their lives at stake; they will not mind making you a corpse."

"I can't understand why he told me where his pub was and asked me to look in and have a drink. If the pub is used as a rendezvous for Nazi agents why invite me to it?" Walters had said.

The major explained: "He has got to run it as a pub; that is his front; he can't stop people coming in; it would draw attention to the place at once. Also you have told him the kind of work you are doing and he'd probably like to hear more about it. There is such a thing as sabotage you know and your factories are engaged on a key industry; he hopes you will talk."

Walters had a question to ask. "If 'The Bull' is the headquarters of a spy ring, wouldn't the authorities have got suspicious of it by now?"

The major shook his head: "Not necessarily; a place does not arouse suspicion unless something happens there. The barbers' shop, which was used as a cover address for German spies before the last war, was only discovered because an official from the German Embassy went down there. You have led us to this place; we might never have known about it if you had not kept your eyes open on the train."

At Chelsea Town Hall he got off and walked along the pavement until he came to a swinging sign advertising "The Bull," with Fred Bendor, Prop: painted in white letters beneath. So Bendor was the name of his fat acquaintance.

Walters stopped a moment to glance at the headlines on a poster held by a ragged newspaper seller, then he straightened his back and entered the door marked "Saloon." The owner was standing with his back to him, getting a bottle from a shelf; Walters recognised the neck bulging over the collar; he could hear voices in the public bar, but the saloon bar was empty.

"Good evening," Walters said.

The owner turned, saw Walters, and came to the counter; "So you found your way here." He held out his hand with professional geniality. "What is it going to be?"

"Pale ale, please," Walters put a coin on the counter. "Yes, I had to come down this way; I'm seeing a man later; one of our foremen, he's sick; I've got to get hold of some papers he has."

The proprietor scratched the back of his neck: "Let me see now, you were telling me your line?"

"We make machine tools," Walters said.

"Oh, yes; I've got you now; your firm have a place up north."

"Two, and one in the midlands."

"Whereabouts? I know the midlands." Mr. Bendor passed Walters's coin back to him. "This is with me."

"Thanks," Walters said, picking up his money. "Here's luck," he raised his glass.

Mr. Bendor drew himself a glass of ale, drank, and wiped his mouth. "What are

machine tools?" he asked. "I'm always reading about them in the paper; difficult things to get, aren't they?"

"Some kinds are; you use machine tools for making machinery; if you haven't got 'em your factories couldn't work."

"Kind of key industry? I'd like to see 'em making 'em sometime," the proprietor said.

The proprietor put his head round the partition of the public bar. "Rosita!" he called.

A girl came round from the bar; she wore a black dress and a coloured apron; her short-sleeved dress showed brown skinned arms; her hands were reddish from work and she wore a wedding ring on the correct finger.

So Bendor had found a cover for the woman on the train as a barmaid.

"This is a gentleman I met travelling down on the train," the proprietor said: "He's one of the blokes that are making things that are going to smash Hitler, but we don't say what the things are—do we, gov'nor?" the fat publican winked.

Walters guessed the girl had been told all about him; he looked at her, trying to weigh her up; she had a fine lusty charm; men would come to the place so that they could talk to her.

Mr. Bendor explained the girl further: "Married to a young nephew of mine," he said; "she is making her home with me while the boy is at sea."

The rapping of a coin on the counter in the public bar started the girl moving. Bendor put his hand on her arm: "You stay and talk to the gentleman; I'll serve."

Rosita's black eyes looked into the eyes of Mr. Walters; he thought the girl had plenty of allure.

"I wish I could get a job making munitions," she said. "I hate this work."

"Have you registered?" Walters asked, and saw her eyes falter. "Maybe we could fix you up," he continued: "What kind of work would you like—clerical?"

"No: something real; making parts of things—tanks, shells, guns."

"We'll see what we can do," he promised.

"Thank you," she said; she looked at Walters hard; he did not like the expression in her eyes; he understood how the phrase had been coined "to see through any one"; he felt that was what she was doing to him.

HE asked for another glass of beer; then he would go; he had done all he could for one evening; found the pub and traced the girl; the police must carry on from there.

The girl bent down to draw his beer; then stood up holding out a tankard. "There is a little froth on the top; do you mind?" she asked.

"Not me," said Walters, draining his tankard; he looked round and saw he was the only customer in the little saloon bar; as his eyes misted he fancied someone was coming in; then he fell to the ground unconscious.

The figure that Walters had seen hazily coming through the door was now in the middle of the saloon.

Rosita looked sourly at the newsvendor: "We don't want any papers to-night."

The newsvendor put his bundle on the table; he straightened out, revealing a broad-shouldered youngish man; he looked down at Walters, then took a step forward and picked up the tankard standing on the counter. "I'll keep this," he said.

Bendor came round from the other bar; he saw Walters on the ground; he saw the detective standing with the tankard in his hand; his face turned yellowish-white.

A uniformed policeman, who had marched up the road when he saw his colleague enter the bar, came in; the detective told him to phone for the wagon.

A day or two later, at Major Mayne's club, Walters was given a picture of what had happened.

"I phoned the police after you left here the other evening and asked them to keep an eye on you," the major explained; "they

were able to put a man outside before you could get there on the bus; I'm glad they did."

"What were they going to do to me?" Walters asked.

"I don't know; Bendor's story is that he had nothing to do with your being drugged; he said the girl did it on her own initiative when she suddenly realised why you were down there. She was never taken in by you like Bendor was; she remembered seeing you in the dining-car; I told you women were quick about those sort of things," the major puffed at his cigarette: "They are like birds; they always see you coming."

"And Bendor?"

"Rittmeister von Bendorf—a very clever man indeed; we have got his history now. He went out to South-west Africa after the last war; he was a smart young cavalry officer in those days, but you know how they love beer. He took up farming and also interested himself in German clubs; he joined the Nazi party when the Hitler regime started and achieved some status; I think he was a Gauleiter in his own German community. He faded from the country after Munich, and by a series of clever moves managed to come here with a complete set of false papers, even showing his service in the British Army (South African contingent) and discharge with rank of sergeant. Of course, after twenty years in South Africa he spoke English like we do. He then contrived to get a licence for "The Bull." So far as we can discover he engaged in no espionage at all for the first eighteen months. He was what I should call the mushroom type of spy, that lies dormant for a long time and then springs up; we get them when they show themselves, but you can't find them when they are in the ground. As far as we can find out he has only been operating three weeks. The life of a spy is pretty short in these days, you know; I wouldn't do it; I'd rather attack a tank with my hands."

"He'll be hanged now, I suppose," Walters said.

"Not hanged; if he is sentenced to death he'll get a firing squad."

"But you said spying was a civil offence and convicted persons received civil punishment."

"That is so when the spies are civilians; this fellow is still on the reserve of the German Army. Officers are shot," Major Mayne got up and walked over to the bell.

British History in Stone

(*Continued from page 5*)

heavily, too. For the first time since the first shot was fired the duke dismounts from his charger. Victory! But tears come to his eyes. The carnage has been terrible.

"There is only one thing worse than a victory," he observes gloomily. "And that is a defeat."

Thus the Battle of Waterloo, which finally freed Europe of its would-be conqueror, and laid the foundation stone of a century of peace for England, and comparative peace for the continent of Europe.

The end of Napoleon; but not the end of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. For the next thirty-five years he was to occupy a unique place in his country's history.

Queen Victoria was the fourth sovereign whom he served. In the changing world of thought and fashion, he remained a silver-haired old man, wearing a blue coat and white waistcoat and trousers; growing increasingly irritable with the age in which he lived.

On his May 1 birthday in 1850 a son was born to the Queen. Wellington loved children. He had a special Waterloo game for them, to be played with cushions. He wrote little notes to them, was very happy in their company.

So he was delighted as well as honoured when the name of Arthur was given to the new little prince, who as Duke of Connaught was destined to live into an age when, twice in a generation, freedom has been assailed by megalomaniacs.

but they're still enjoying the best biscuits—and so can you, for the best way to economise is to get the best value for the least money. That's why so many people are buying Peek Frean's popular-priced biscuits. Peek Frean's *Snack Cracker*, for instance, cost 1/- a lb., *People's Assorted* only 10d. a lb. There are plenty of other varieties, all made with the attention to quality for which Peek Frean are famous.

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Smiling Stranger (*Continued from page 15*)

English inn, but a modern, roomy pub with polished floors, many lights, flowers, rotating fans in the blackout shutters, and beer pumps of dazzling scarlet.

"AND now," said Mr. Smith when they were comfortably settled, so easily, so invitingly, "is the trouble that the lady is your wife—or isn't?"

"Is," said Mr. Pepper surprised. "How did you guess?"

"Come, come," chided his friend, "what else could it be?"

Mr. Pepper's story, though it spelt hell and damnation for him, was not so unique as he imagined. Mrs. Pepper, it emerged, combined most of the characteristics of the famous shrews of history and literature with those of the equally famous courtesans. All on a dwarfed and stunted scale perhaps, but not the less painful. All ordinary and drab and commonplace, no doubt, but not if you happened to be Mr. Pepper.

Mr. Smith, losing his smile again, listened with grave attention,

"So there it is. And the worst thing of the whole lot is that there's no end to it."

"Unless," said Mr. Smith, "you move to the East End. Things are much too quiet in this northern district for any one really keen on bombs." His smile came back, not because of anything funny, but simply because he was a gentleman who smiled, and with his smile warmed your heart. "Mr. Pepper," he said, "in your shoes many men have killed themselves, and many have killed their wives."

"I thought of both a lot—a hell of a lot," said the tobacconist from down the road.

Having heard his story Mr. Smith accepted this remark.

"A mistake, however. Many men, as I've said, fall into one or other snare. The real solution is much more simple."

"A solution? Simple?" Mr. Pepper's mouth fell open.

"So simple that you're liable to miss it because it's right under your nose. You simply have to walk out, vanish, disappear into thin air."

Mr. Pepper, who had been leaning forward tense with eagerness and new-kindled hope, sat back and gave a sigh of disappointment.

"Walk out—vanish—from Clara? You don't know Clara!"

"But I do know how you can save yourself. Take my tip: don't murder her. A big mistake. In other times, perhaps, it might have been difficult to—but—listen!" Mr. Smith held up his finger. The naval gun or another bomb spoke for him.

On a night like this a man might pass out of life with a thousand alibis from the sky to make matters right for him. Do you think all London's slain are identified? We're not told, of course, but my guess would be: not half of them. So if a man does not come home—if his identification card is found near a mountain of debris—who, in these times, will bother to search further? My dear Mr. Pepper, it is a cinch. I could wish I had a wife alive like yours from whom I wanted to escape."

Mr. Pepper considered this, whilst his friend ordered another drink.

"You could start life again, alone," said Mr. Smith, returning. "You're over military age. Untied, you could get a job. It might well be more profitable than your shop."

"It would be," said Mr. Pepper. "I couldn't make less, and she could have the shop. But somehow it doesn't seem very respectable somehow."

"Ah," said Mr. Smith, tapping the table, "it's respectability that makes wife-murderers. It's the fear of what people will say that makes them bury them under the kitchen floor. But what do you care? You'll be dead, and at the same time born again with the world as your oyster. I like you, Mr. Pepper. Let Mr. Pepper lie buried somewhere under the wreckage of London whilst"—he took a pale yellow card from his pocket and glanced at it—"whilst Mr. John Staple Campion, that happy middle-aged bachelor, is working happily in Liverpool, or in a Cornish village, if you prefer quiet, for, as I say, the world is your oyster."

"Mister Who?" Mr. Pepper queried, bewildered.

"Mr. John Staple Campion, for that's the name on this card I picked up which I've been intending to hand in at some police station. Lucky for you I didn't. For this, you see, my dear Mr. Pepper, is your passport to life and freedom."

"But suppose this Mister Who's-this-Who's-this——?"

"There is no 'but.' If he's alive he'll apply for another. No reason why there shouldn't be two John Staple Campions. When *your* Mr. Campion goes to wherever he decides to live, he visits the town hall, announces that he has just moved into the district, and an obliging girl clerk without asking any questions sticks the new address over the old one. There is no record, no check. Mr. Campion has signed the card with quite an easy signature. It might be well to learn that signature—just against the million to one chance. These National Registration cards are an amazing example of the way the official mind works. They bear no identification marks—not even a photograph, let alone fingerprints. They were issued on the say-so of a person who claimed to be the householder. When the elderly and far from bright gentleman called on me I could have created a dozen fictitious people and had them registered. For instance, that you are John Staple Campion. If I took your card and became Mr. Pepper who, except our two selves, would be any the wiser?"

And he was right. When he held out his hands, his soft, smooth hands, there could be only one answer, and that was a nod of agreement. Mr. Pepper gave him that nod, and now Mr. Pepper's eyes were shining with a new light—the light of hope, of adventure. The harassed wrinkles were fading from his brow, the chilling shadow of Clara from his soul. It was Friday night. For safety—who could tell when even a small tobacconist's would be hit?—he had the week's takings in his pocket to be banked to-morrow. Banked? Not likely! They were his fare, and this the passport Mr. Smith was handing him.

Mr. Smith went on talking, reasonably, unanswerably, until the clamour of "Time, gentlemen, please!" drove them from the "Tudor Rose" where never again would Mr. Pepper claim his free dash of bitter.

OUTSIDE a full moon gazed through a frosty mist of cloud. Thin but persistent the burr-burr of a plane nagged down from the cold silver above.

Around the horizon the shrapnel danced like fireflies. Tracer bullets crawled up, and searchlights, melted by the moon, clawed about seeking that plane up there. Mr. Smith and Mr. Campion did not turn down the street towards Mr. Pepper's tobacconist's, but up it towards the station from whence the railway threw its shining track out of the suburb into the world.

Mr. Campion was trying hard to express his gratitude. He walked with a light step, his shoulders flung back, his chest expanded.

The drone sawed louder. A shrill, whining whistle pierced their eardrums.

"Down!"

Mr. Campion flung himself full length in the gutter, hands clasped behind his head, elbows supporting chest. It was what you were supposed to do. He hadn't expected to remember, but he did. The whine shrilled up and up, agonisingly, driving a red-hot wire through his skull and paralysing every faculty. The end of the world happened in a roar of sound and a blaze of golden and scarlet light. He was wrenched and punched and torn by invisible demons with talons of solid air. All London crashed down about him.

Suddenly a vacuum of quiet through which a blizzard of white dust drifted down. Mr. Campion, presently, thought it was a fantastic notion as his head had been blown off, raised his head. It was still on his shoulders; he hadn't been killed; he wasn't even hurt. Bruised, numbed, dazed, deafened—that was all. The surprise of survival raced through him like wine. Unsteadily he scrambled to his feet.

Where his smiling friend, Mr. Smith, should have been a block of masonry which must have weighed a ton sat squarely in the gutter beneath a mountain of rubble.

Now there were cries, the eyes of electric torches, flames, running feet. Mr. Campion began to run, also, at first without thought, just to get away before anything else fell. But, all at once, he was running not just to stay alive but because he had been born again and the world was his oyster. The only man who knew his secret lay crushed out of recognition there with Mr. Pepper's card in his pocket. Not that they'd be able to identify him by it. He'd be only any one missing in the locality.

Mr. Campion couldn't mourn his smiling friend just yet. He was too busy tasting his freedom.

"WELL," Mrs. Pepper began bitterly and with gusto, "what sort of a man do you call yourself, staying out all night while bombs are dropping everywhere? Somebody dead up the street, even though they haven't got him out yet. Might have known it wasn't you. Where in the name of the devil have you been?"

Mr. Pepper stood there, sheepish, shamed, beaten.

"You said when you went out in the morning you wouldn't be back till to-night, so I thought I'd slip over and see Fred Wiggins. Things got pretty hot out there. The line was hit. I couldn't get back here so Fred took me home with him."

"By the look of you and the company you were in I'd say you couldn't get home. I don't doubt your dear old pal, Fred Wiggins, had to carry you home. Why, you've a hang-over yards long. And look at your clothes. In rags, and filthy. Must have been fighting in the gutter. And let me tell you, Mr. Pepper——"

She told him, and he didn't hear a word. The vital facts were that his name might not be on any bomb, and there were no passports to life and freedom. He'd seen the morning papers—oh, yes, he'd seen them!—but his clouded gaze still rested on them, spread out on the counter. For once the war was not the only front page news. There was the murder. In the ordinary course a man wouldn't have got such publicity just for killing his wife, but a direct hit on a Mayfair house in a street which remained unnamed under the censor's cloak of anonymity had blown Mrs. John Staple Campion's corpse out of the concrete floor of the kitchen. The police wanted to interview her husband who was missing.

And the worst of it was Mr. Pepper would never, never, know if his smiling friend had really found that passport to life and freedom, or whether——?

"I've gone and lost my identity card," he told Mrs. Pepper.

That gave her a new text, but she was interrupted by a customer who came in for a small packet of Daisy Chains.

1.10.41.

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